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THE BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD.

BY COL. THEODORE O'HARA.

The muffled drum's and roll has beat
The soldier's last tattoo;
No more on life's parade shall meet
That brave and fallen few.
On fame's eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread;
And glory guards, with silent round,
The bivouac of the dead.*

No rumor of the foe's advance
Now swells upon the wind;
No troubled thought at midnight haunts
Of loved ones left behind;
No vision of the morrow's strife
The warrior's dream alarms;
Nor braying horn, nor screaming fife
At dawn shall call to arms.

Their shivered swords are red with rust,
Their plumed crests are bowed;
Their haughty banner, trailed in dust,
Is now their manful shroud;
And plentious funeral tears have washed
The red stains from each brow,
And the proud forms by battle gashed
Are free from anguish now.

The neighing steed, the flashing blade,
The bugle's stirring blasts
The charge, the dreadful cannonade,
The din and shout are past;
Nor war's wild note, nor glory's peal
Shall thrill with fierce delight
Those breasts that never more may feel
The rapture of the fight.

Like the dread northern hurricane
That sweeps his broad pinions,
Flushed with the triumph yet to gain,
Came down the serried foe.
Our heroes felt the shock, and leapt
To meet them on the plain:
And long the pitying sky hath wept
Above our gallant slain.

Sons of the consecrated ground,
Ye must not slumber there,
Where stranger steps and tongues resound
Along the endless air.
Your own proud land's heroic soil
Shall be your fitter grave;
She claims from war his richest spoil,
The ashes of her brave.

So 'neath their parent's turf they rest,
Far from the gory field,
Borne to a Spartan mother's breast
On many a bloody shield:
The sunshine of their native sky
Smiles sadly on them here,
And kindred hearts and eyes watch by
The soldiers' sepulchre.

Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead!
Dear as the blood ye gave;
No implorn footstep here shall tread
The herbage of your grave;
Nor shall your glory be forgot
While fame her record keeps,
Or honor points the hallowed spot
Where valor proudly sleeps.

Yon marble minstrel's voiceless tone
In deathless song shall tell,
When many a vanquished age hath flown,
The story how you fell.
Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter's blight,
Nor time's remorseless doom,
Shall dim one ray of holy light
That gilds your glorious tomb.

NELLY WILLIAMS;

OR,

Love on the Ocean.

BY W. CLARK RUSSELL,
Author of "The Mutiny; or, Perils of the Deep."

CHAPTER IX.

THE CAPTAIN'S INSANITY.

We took the trades in lat. 28°N., and bowled merrily along with the strong steady breeze well on the quarter. These trades are glorious winds, and give the sailor nothing to do in his watch below but lay in his bunk and listen to the buzz of the froth at the bows, and the humming of the canvas.

The captain spent much of his time in his cabin, and this gave me many opportunities of being with Nelly, and many a long hour did she and I spend together talking, as we leaned over the ship's side and watched the foam spattering past; so that these winds brought us the happiest days we had yet spent, and our hearts were as gay as love, and hope, and the glorious panorama of the whirling ship, and the leaping seas, and the sunshine stooping to the flying clouds by day, and the stars shining like drops of molten silver among the wool-white shapes which ran over them by night, could make us.

A few days after we had taken the trades the chief mate joined me on the poop, although it was his watch below, and said to me, "Lee, what on earth is the cause of Captain Flanders's manner? He was offensive enough, in a quiet way, before we sighted the Yankee bark, but from the hour we left her astern his behavior has grown *hideous*. At dinner to-day I happened to have my eyes on him—although, God knows, I was thinking of any thing else—when he bellowed out to me to know why I stared at him; and then, addressing himself to Mr. Black, he said, 'Is it not extraordinary that my chief officer should go on watching me as though he had a pistol in his pocket, and was only waiting until I looked another way to let fly at my head? This of course, made the Scotchman squint at me as though I really meant to assassinate the captain; though Madam Espinosa said, 'A monkey may look at a king, mayn't he, captain? with a stress upon *monkey*, and then giggled as if she would choke. If I am to be affronted in this way—as good as called a murderer to my face, insulted by one passenger and distrusted by another—I shall give up. I shall tell the captain I'm done. Does he think I sneaked on board through a scupper-hole? Does he take me for a longshoreman? Let him teach me something I don't know, and his cook shall pull my nose."

He was purple with rage, although he had begun quietly enough: his Welsh blood was like a kettle full of hot water; a very little fire set it boiling.

I had no consolation to offer him. My frankness at the beginning of the voyage had rather frightened me on reflection, and I did not like to say what I honestly believed, that the captain was growing madder every day. The mere fact that nobody seemed to notice this but Nelly and myself was a hint to me to be extremely cautious how I gave my conviction expression.

Therefore, all I thought it advisable to say to Mr. Thomas was to recommend him to exercise patience, and to believe that, as the captain's prejudice was entirely without foundation, it must pass. But he shook his head.

"No," said he, "it won't pass; and as to exercising patience, who the deuce can stand being *hazed* at table for raising one's eyes? That idiot Black avoided me just now in the cuddy. Can it be possible that Captain Flanders wants to raise a scare over the Yankee mutiny, and to imply that I—a gentleman, an officer in the British mercantile marine, with a captain's certificate in my desk at home—that *I* am capable of causing insubordination among a crew?"

In my own mind I thought the captain mad enough to believe this, and, indeed, as I had observed that his manner to Thomas had grown more pronounced since the Yankee adventure, and Thomas had also noticed the circumstance, the little man's suggestion, though offered in a spirit of the most contemptuous scepticism, struck me somewhat as a revelation. However, no more was said between us at that time, and for some days Mr. Thomas made no further reference to the captain, nor did I gather that any exceptional conduct had given him new cause for complaint.

We had the trades at 3° 17' north of the line, having made the whole distance from Gravesend in twenty-seven days. This brought us to Wednesday, the 23rd of July.

We were now in the calm latitudes, the equatorial belt of baffling cat's-paws and glassy seas. At noon we were shadowless; the sun stood right over the main-mast, and all the horizon swam and quivered in a haze of heat; the ocean lay like a surface of quicksilver, along which the swell, breaking into long lines of golden fire under the sun, ran languidly, and the paint on the ship's side bubbled into blisters, and the pitch in the seams of the deck was as soft as wax before a fire, and stuck to the soles of one's boots, while the wood-work that lay exposed to the sun burnt the flesh of the hand that rested a moment upon it. The trade-wind failed us in the morning watch, and before noon we lay roasting in a dead calm. All that day not a cat's-paw darkened the water, not a brace was touched.

At last the sun went down, and we watched with relief the vast orb, throbbing red as blood, sink behind the clear unbroken line of the horizon, without a cloud to soften his crimson fires, while in the glassy surface of the water the reflection lay in a purple band, the lowermost point of which seemed to stretch within a hundred feet of the ship, though, as the orb gradually veered lower and lower, this magnificent stream of light upon the sea stretched away from us, and ran flashing toward the horizon, as if, indeed, it were a tangible belt of gold which the sun was trailing across the bosom of the deep, and dragging away with it behind the world of waters, until the last fragment of the sun vanished, and with it its glowing reflection.

"Will," exclaimed Nelly, coming over to where I stood, and speaking very softly, "come with me; I want to show you something."

I followed her to the side of the poop, where she had been standing looking into the water while the men were furling the awning.

"What is it?" I asked.

"See there!" she said, pointing to the water just under the quarter-boat, the shadow of which was noticeable.

I looked and saw an outline of blue light close against the surface, so faint that it was almost impossible to tell the shape of it; but on a sudden it began to move. The outline sparkled and took the form of a great fish of immensely solid and rounded proportions at the head, tapering away aft into a tail, the vibration of which was distinctly visible in the sheen of the phosphorus as the ghostly, silent outline passed away toward the bows of the ship.

"What is it, Will?" asked Nelly, in a frightened voice. "That is the second one that has passed in a few minutes."

"A shark, Nell. Look! yonder's another; there—a little this side the reflection of that large star."

"What dreadful creatures, and how quiet!"

Just then a fiddle began to scrape forward, and a man sang the first bar or two of a song; but the accompaniment was evidently not to his taste, for I heard a little wrangle, and presently the fiddle struck up again; but this time the singer accompanied himself, and twanged the fiddle-strings with his fingers instead of scraping them with the bow, so that the notes were much softer, or, at all events, harmonized better with the singer's voice, which was a very sweet, plaintive tenor. The singer was a Norwegian, and the song was one of the ballads of his country, I believe, though what it was about I am sure I don't know; but the air was pretty, and the fellow sang it with taste and feeling; his voice rung upon the night with a kind of moan in it like the notes of a flute, and while he sang the ship would now and again heave lazily, and set the lofty sails gently flapping, while the wash of the water alongside fell upon the ear like a sob.

The song was a long one—most sailors' songs are—and Nelly and I, and indeed all hands, where listening to it with great interest, when the captain called me. He was standing near the skylight, and I went up to him.

"I can't stand that song, Mr. Lee; it irritates me. I never heard such a miauling. Go forward and stop it, but don't say you got your orders from me. It is never my wish to interfere with the men's harmless enjoyments. But stop *that* song, and at once."

He turned hurriedly, and walked aft to the wheel. I went along the main deck, and hailed the forecastle in a quiet voice.

"Who's that singing?"

The singer immediately ceased.

"It's Petersen, sir," said one of the men. "Why, Petersen," I sung out, "that's a very pretty song, my lad; but can't you give us something more lively? The ladies say it's too dark to listen to such a song as that."

Some of the men laughed.

"Billy," cried a voice, "give us 'Tommy's got a wooden leg;' that's a regular A 1 song, and sure to please the ladies."

Whereupon some one else proposed another song, and in a minute they were all calling out for different songs—all to please the ladies. However, I had put a stopper on the Norwegian, and having accomplished my object I returned to the poop. When the captain caught sight of me he again called me to him. He had taken his stand close against the quarter-boat, well out of ear-shot of the wheel, and in the shadow of the mizzen-mast. Nelly and the other passengers were together on the opposite side of the deck, so that where the skipper stood was secluded enough. I noticed this, and that is why I have set it down; for it struck me, from the posture he had assumed, and the spot he had stationed himself in, that he had something important to say.

"Have you stopped the men's singing altogether?" he asked.

"I suspect I have made them coy, sir, by telling them that the ladies are listening," I replied, laughing.

"Where is Mr. Thomas?"

"In his cabin, I believe, or else on the quarter-deck. I have not seen him since he went below."

"You and he are pretty good friends, are you not?" said he, in a soft way, and speaking almost in a whisper.

"Yes, sir; I like Mr. Thomas very well indeed," I answered, a good deal struck by the manner in which he asked his question.

"Does he ever talk to you about me, Mr. Lee?" he inquired, blandly, and with a note of kindness in his voice.

"Why, yes, sometimes, sir," I answered, pausing a moment before I answered: for I had now made up my mind to keep the lead going, as I had no idea into what channel he might make me drift.

"Sometimes only, eh?—not very often, Mr. Lee? And pray, what is the nature of his talk—the general character of it? Think. How does he usually express himself about me?"

"Really, sir, I am unable to tax my memory to that extent. We have often talked together, and no doubt your name has been mentioned; but I can not pretend to remember what was said by either of us."

He remained silent for some moments, and I heard him tapping the deck very softly with his foot.

"Have you ever noticed him talking to the men, Mr. Lee?" he asked, presently.

"Never beyond giving them instructions, sir."

"I thought I saw him go forward about a quarter of a hour ago. Are you sure you did not notice him somewhere about when you went along the main deck?" he asked, sternly.

"Quite sure," I replied.

"For Heaven's sake," he exclaimed, in a low voice, broken with agitation, and glancing up and down the deck, "don't let your sympathy as a shipmate stand between that man and me! It is your *duty*, Mr. Lee, to answer my questions truthfully, and to aid me in immediately checking any influence that is likely to bring this ship into peril."

"I know what my duty is, sir, and I trust that you have already seen enough of my character to judge that I do not need any appeal of the kind you have thought fit to make to me to discharge my duty," I exclaimed, with a warmth I afterward regretted, remembering that I was addressing a man who was not responsible for his words; "but if you mean to suggest that the chief officer is likely to act in such a way as to bring this ship into peril, I can only solemnly assure you that you are greatly mistaken, and that your suspicions do an excellent seaman and an honorable man a very grievous injury."

He bent forward to look me close in the face, but not being sure of his intention, I drew back; on which he reared himself up and shook his head several times. Rather from the wish to serve Thomas, by getting to know more of the captain's notions about him than from mere curiosity, I asked,

"May I inquire, sir, what Mr. Thomas has done to make you think him capable of acting treacherously?"

He held up his finger, but he never answered me. Whether he meant to convey some reply by the motion of his arm I do not know; but, as the gesture was altogether without meaning, it was not a little alarming, and I watched him closely, ready for his next move.

Suddenly, putting his hand against his left side, he exclaimed, "Feel here, Mr. Lee."

I hesitated, for it seemed a sort of liberty to take; but he cried out, with a sudden passion, "Feel, sir—feel here, as I order you."

I put my hand to his side and then drew away.

"What did you feel?" he inquired, in a low, trembling voice.

"Something very much like a revolver," I replied.

"Is it customary," said he, in a smooth voice, "for the commander of a ship like the Walberhaze to carry loaded firearms about with him? You have been some years at sea—answer my question."

"I don't think it is, sir."

"Why, then, do I carry this revolver about with me all day and sleep with it under my pillow at night?"

"I'm sure I don't know, Captain Flanders."

"Because," he answered, breathing short, and bending so close to me that his breath fell warm on my cheek, "I have been forewarned that my life will be attempted, and the name of the man has been given me."

I was so astonished and confounded by his earnestness, that I may as well honestly declare I believed, for the moment, he was speaking the truth.

"Do you really mean to say," I cried, "that there is some one aboard this ship who is waiting for an opportunity to—"

"Hush!" he whispered, and he broke into a low laugh, the first laugh I had heard come from his lips since we had left the docks. If ever madness spoke in a laugh it spoke here; the sound brought me to instantly, and I understood the dangerous delusion that possessed him.

"Keep what has passed between us a secret—mind! not a word!" he exclaimed. "But," he continued, lowering his tone into a whisper that I had to strain my ear to catch, "you may tell Mr. Thomas, if you like, that I am not only forewarned, but forearmed, Mr. Lee. Do you follow me?—*forearmed*. Say, if you like, that I made you put your hand upon it, that my heart beats under it, and that with a movement of my wrist I can command six lives!"

He walked away to the end of the poop, and stood looking with his face over the stern.

What I had heard and discovered made me so restless and agitated that I scarcely knew what I was at. I paced about the forward end of the poop, watching the man's motionless figure with an anxiety so keen that I believed it to be an inspiration, and imagined that presently he would play us or himself some devilish trick.

Had we carried a ship's doctor I should have told him what had passed, and gone to work to secure the captain before he did any mischief. But as matters stood I felt altogether helpless.

After standing for at least ten minutes looking over the stern, the captain crossed to the passengers and exchanged some sentences with them; he then gave his arm to Nelly, and walked to and fro the poop with her. The sky was a marvelous panorama of stars, covered with a brilliant dust from horizon to horizon, among which the stars of the first magnitude seemed to hang low, and dropped flakes of silver into the water. Down in the northwest there was a continuous glancing of sheet-lightning. The heavy dew cooled the atmosphere somewhat, but the men preferred the deck to the hot forecastle, and lay in groups here and there, and by the foresail as it idly flapped to the roll of the ship.

Captain Flanders never halted in marching Nelly up and down, and I began to think that my sweetheart must have had enough of walking, and watched them. What was he telling her? that a spirit had warned him that his life was in danger, and that he carried a loaded pistol in his pocket? He was mighty earnest—so much I could tell by the tone of his voice, though I could hear no word of his speech—and his hand incessantly sawed the air, and once or twice he stopped and pointed upward, as though he were explaining the names of the stars to her. At last he made a long halt close to the quarter-boat, just where he had spoken to me, and there they stood for about five minutes; after which, and rather suddenly, Nelly walked away, advanced a few paces toward me, stopped with an air of irresolution, and finally went below. I wondered what all this could signify.

Presently, seeing a shadow thrown on the quarter-deck, I looked over the poop-rail, and there stood Nelly.

"Is Captain Flanders up there?" she asked in a whisper. I said no, and she came up. "I have something to tell you, Will," said she, with an embarrassed air. "It is very absurd, and yet it has vexed me, too—more than it need do, you will say."

"What is it, Nelly?"

"You will scarcely believe it," she whispered, taking my hand, and keeping her head bent. "Captain Flanders has asked me to marry him."

"What! asked you to marry him?"

"Yes, dear," said she, controlling herself, and speaking quietly. "He said I was the only woman he had ever met who appeared to understand his views on religion; and then he exclaimed, with his voice all of a tremble, 'Miss Maitland, will you be my wife?'"

"The devil take him! And what did you say?"

"For some moments I really didn't know *what* to say, Will. Knowing him to be crazy, I felt rather frightened. Then I thought to myself, 'If I answer him *too* plainly, he'll think there is something between Will and me,' and I saw that I should act unwisely in doing or saying any thing likely to arouse his jealousy. So I answered—but I don't really believe he heard all my answer, for I mumbled my words terribly; my heart beat so, Will—that his proposal had taken me by surprise, and I said that, whatever my inclinations might be, I should have to consult my friends in England before I could give him an answer. And so I begged him not to refer to the subject until we arrived home."

"Poor wretch! that was a caulker, Nell," said I, laughing. "And has he promised?"

"Yes; I made him promise on his honor. I am horribly annoyed, Will. It is simply the result of my being too amiable—listening to his nonsense with a grave face when Madam Espinosa would have burst out laughing. Yet I thought that was the right policy for your sake. I wanted to make a friend of him, but not a lover—oh dear, Will, not a lover."

"What was he talking about before he asked you to marry him? He has been dragging you up and down the deck for nearly an hour."

"Quite an hour, and my legs ache dreadfully."

"I'll fetch a chair—"

"No, dear, I prefer standing. I can run down these steps should he come out of his cabin, for he must not see us together now, Will—I mean much together. Did you ask what he talked about? I scarcely know. It was chiefly about spirits, I believe; but I was thinking about other things at the time, and what little I had heard was put out of my head by the fright he gave me when he asked me to marry him."

"Did he tell you that his life was in danger?"

"No. What do you mean? Is it?"

"No more than mine is, dear; but I have discovered enough to-night to convince me that he is dangerously mad."

"Because he asked me to marry him?" she exclaimed, laughing.

"I wish that were all; but ask no questions, Nell."

"What an adventure! what an adventure to tell Phoebe!" she said, with something in her voice between a laugh and a sigh. "Yet who could help feeling sorry for him? The submissive manner in which he received my answer and gave me his promise was really touching. He released my arm instantly, and as I left him he bowed to me with great dignity and gentleness."

She took the womanly view of him, and I loved her all the better for her true-hearted sympathy. I was sorry enough for him too, God knows.

After Nelly had left me, I paced about the poop lost in thought, and scarcely noticed the departure of the passengers to their cabins, until, on looking about me, I found myself alone. I went over by the wheel, and was watching the compass, when up came the skipper. He approached the binnacle, looked at it, glanced aloft and around him, then peered at me as though he wondered who I was. I waited for him to address me, but he said nothing, and went to leeward and gazed at the passing water for a time, and then came back to the binnacle.

Presently he asked in a hollow voice what o'clock it was.

"Just upon six bells, sir." And at that moment the bell was struck.

He seemed like a man suddenly awakened from sleep, all in a flurry, and stared about him in the queerest way. His dog, hearing his voice, came up and pawed him, standing on its hind legs with its fore paws upon his coat. He picked the dog up and carried it to windward, talking to it; then all on a sudden he threw the poor brute overboard, crying out, "I shall follow you soon, Bodkin! Good-by, old friend. Poor Bodkin! good-by!" and he wrung his hands, and dashed them with a wild gesture against his face.

He then walked right up to me and looked in my face for a moment or two without speaking. Remembering what he carried in his breast-pocket, I held my two hands ready poised for the first suspicious movement.

"It is hard to part with old friends, Mr. Lee," he exclaimed, in a broken voice. "I have had that dog five years, and he was very fond of me. He has gone first, and it's my turn next. Poor Bodkin!"

He looked over his shoulder at the sea, edging away from me until he reached the companion, and still looking astern. "Good-by, Bodkin! good-by, old friend!" he exclaimed, waving his hand; and he went below slowly, pausing at each step of the ladder, and sighing heavily.

I pulled my cap off and wiped my forehead, for the perspiration was thick on my face. I had half a mind to call Mr. Thomas at once, in order to confer with him, but I was afraid the skipper might be lurking in the cuddy and would hear me; I therefore abandoned that idea, and resolved to wait until eight bells, when it would be my duty to arouse the chief mate. Consequently, when eight bells struck, I called Mr. Thomas, and returned to the poop to wait until he dressed himself.

Mr. Thomas yawned loudly as he came on deck; he said he had only had half an hour's sleep during his watch below; it was too hot to sleep, he said; it was worse than lying in the Hooghly, only there were no mosquitoes. However, I soon woke him up.

In the first place, I told him that the skipper had thrown his dog overboard, and his exclamation to me when he did so; and then I told him about the offer of marriage to Nelly.

"There, now!" he exclaimed. "What did I tell you the other day? You wouldn't believe me."

"Well, Mr. Thomas," said I, "you were right; but if that were the worst part of my story I shouldn't have said any thing about it. My conviction is that Captain Flanders is dangerously mad, and that the ship is in peril so long as he commands her."

I then gave him the whole substance of the captain's conversation with me, all that he had said about the chief mate, how he had made me feel the revolver in his breast, and how he had ordered me to tell Mr. Thomas that he was prepared for him. The little man was thunderstruck. He kept on exclaiming, "Is it possible he can believe I want to murder him?" as though he could not master the meaning of his own words.

"What a frightful position to find one's self in!" he cried. "Good God! under the persuasion that I am thirsting for his blood he may take it into his head to draw his revolver upon me!"

"You will have to watch him very closely," said I. "I do, whenever he speaks to me."

"What shall we do, Lee?" he exclaimed. "It won't do to let him murder us."

"No, certainly not," I answered, "although his throwing his dog overboard looks uncommonly like business, sir. But what are we to do?" and here I enumerated all the difficulties I foresaw in the way of our confining him.

Thomas knew our profession thoroughly, and grasped all my objections at once. He shook his head as he muttered, "True, true, every word! Lord, what a position!" and looked about the poop as if he expected to see the skipper lurking among the darker shadows.

"I see nothing for it," said I, except to wait a bit in the hope that the crew and passengers will discover the truth for themselves. We *must* provide ourselves with witnesses able to prove that the man was mad enough to justify us in securing him before we lay—"

"Ay!" he interrupted, eagerly; "but *you* can prove that he has as good as threatened to shoot me, that he carried a loaded pistol in his pocket, and then I went about in fear of my life! Why, in Heaven's name, does he fasten upon *me?*" he cried. "Do I look like an assassin? But he has been storing up his rage ever since we got under way. He has mortified me, he has affronted me, done every thing he could to show how much he dislikes me, and now he means to make me out a murderer in heart, if not in deed! A pretty mess, by George!"

"If he should fire at you, Mr. Thomas—"

"Fire at me!" he shouted. "For God's sake don't talk in that way, Mr. Lee! Fire at me! Why, if he should fire at me, do you know he might kill me, sir? How many balls do you think it takes to kill a man?"

"What I meant to say was, that if he should attempt any violence, we should have an excuse for locking him up."

"Oh, hang that kind of excuses; I'd rather be spared them," he growled. "Why, what a position for a man to be in—watched by a lunatic with a pocketful of powder and shot! At that you tender letters and signs them 'only yours,'"

"That you compare with others as diamonds rank with dust,

Just what she tells your rivals, for girls won't do to trust.

And now, perhaps, you wonder, and ask me in surprise,

How one so young as I am should be so wonderfully wise?

Well—well, I hate to tell you, but then I'e pose I must.

I found out by experience that girls won't do to trust.

M. L. KRALE.

ARGABRIGHT'S SCHOOL-HOUSE.

We have had a little dry weather in the last few days.

It is rumored around that Joe Fetch is married.

Tom Skeyto turned out his mustache last Sunday without marking them, or putting a bell on them. Look out, Tom, when you go to bite 'nasses that they don't get "stuck."

There was a certain girl last Sunday that combed her head and dressed up nice and looked for her sweetheart about an hour, and he didn't come. Then she read a chapter in the Good Book, and yet he didn't come. And then she got disheartened and cried, and said, "this would have been eight Sundays, if he had only come."

"Mein Hentry has got a new watch, py tam," is what August fills the boys' ears with nowadays. Oh, yes; I like to have forgotten—tell us what time it is, then I will show you my knife.

It is something curious that Taylor sends by one certain fellow for fiddle strings. My guess is, that he tells him to get cheap ones so he can be always getting some new ones. And he never tells him to bring them over to him, for he likes to come after them. That's it, Taylor. You be spunky, and if they get after you with a sack of angers, don't you run.

Sarah is getting a little uneasy about that fellow across the creek. He hasn't been to see her since the last time, but my opinion is that she don't care much here lately, and is now trying to cut Wilda out. Bill, I want you to send to that.

Since I began this letter it has stormed considerably. The wind blew down fences, laying them flat to the very bottom rail, and half fell, some of it large as blue-bird eggs. I have not heard of any farther damage.

PEGNOSE.

CONSTANTINE.

Any man who is too lazy write more than the initials of names, like "Lazy Luke" does, had better quit writing and give "Slippery Jim" a chance.

Jim, I think you slipped on that hen's nest.

Oh pshaw! the measles, the measles, how they do bother around here.

"Kernal," I think you spread it on Benedict too thick.

I wish Mr. Sahsnan would let our Hays alone.

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Oh hush! don't talk 'bout pretty girls. We "am got 'em" up here, sure. Send up your logs and see.

Look out, boys, she's going to shoot. What's going to shoot? Why, the green-back party. When? Some time this month. The old 'Squire is wheeling up now for it.

Miss Laura, tell me who David's father was, and then I will answer your question.

Mr. Editor, I wish you would send me two papers, for I can't get to read the copy I take for the children and better-half.

WIGGLETAIL.

The Hartford Herald tells of a little girl near Centertown, Ohio county, who, while playing in the yard, caught a pet chicken, which so enraged an old rooster that he flew at the child and drove one of his spurs into her forehead so deep that he could not extricate it, and it was broken from his leg. Her father pulled it out with difficulty, when it was found that it had penetrated the skull to the depth of seven-eighths of an inch.

LOST VIEW.

Wheat is looking fine in this vicinity.

Farmers are very busy planting corn.

Tobacco plants look well.

The White Barley fever is raging round about here.

As the winter rains are about over, I believe the Lake has ceased to run up hill in the Planters Hall neighborhood.

"Shang High," you are mistaken about that recorder being at Caneyville.

"May Flower" is a "spider good one," and that "Pink" is a perfect daisy, and the "Yellow Rose of Texas" is not to be grinned at by a one-eyed man.

The girls, I know, are pretty and sweet as sweet can be—

I own I love them dearly—say, ain't you just like me?

They make us charming sweethears, but yet affirm I must,

That pin 'em down to business, and they won't do to trust.

They'll do to make an evening pass pleasantly and swift,

The shadows must be heavy their laughter can not lift—

They'll do to spend our money, and think it is but just,

They'll do to love and look at, but they won't do to trust.

I own they are much nicer than ugly, horrid men,

They do not chew tobacco, nor smoke nor swear like them,

They do not drink cheap whisky, they don't get on a bust,

But still you've got to watch 'em, for they won't do to trust.

Your sweetheart says she loves you, sye, swears that she adores,

She sends you tender letters and signs them "only yours,"

That you compare with others as diamonds rank with dust,

Just what she tells your rivals, for girls won't do to trust.

And now, perhaps, you wonder, and ask me in surprise,

How one so young as I am should be so wonderfully wise?

Well—well, I hate to tell you, but then I'e pose I must,

I found out by experience that girls won't do to trust.

M. L. KRALE.

ARGABRIGHT'S SCHOOL-HOUSE.

We have had a little dry weather in the last few days.

It is rumored around that Joe Fetch is married.

Tom Skeyto turned out his mustache last Sunday without marking them, or putting a bell on them. Look out, Tom, when you go to bite 'nasses that they don't get "stuck."

There was a certain girl last Sunday that combed her head and dressed up nice and looked for her sweetheart about an hour, and he didn't come. Then she read a chapter in the Good Book, and yet he didn't come. And then she got disheartened and cried, and said, "this would have been eight Sundays, if he had only come."

"Mein Hentry has got a new watch, py tam," is what August fills the boys' ears with nowadays. Oh, yes; I like to have forgotten—tell us what time it is, then I will show you my knife.

It is something curious that Taylor sends by one certain fellow for fiddle strings. My guess is, that he tells him to get cheap ones so he can be always getting some new ones. And he never tells him to bring them over to him, for he likes to come after them. That's it, Taylor. You be spunky, and if they get after you with a sack of angers, don't you run.

Sarah is getting a little uneasy about that fellow across the creek. He hasn't been to see her since the last time, but my opinion is that she don't care much here lately, and is now trying to cut Wilda out. Bill, I want you to send to that.

Since I began this letter it has stormed considerably. The wind blew down fences, laying them flat to the very bottom rail, and half fell, some of it large as blue-bird eggs. I have not heard of any farther damage.

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LEITCHFIELD.

The town is quite lively at present in the way of moving, gardening, painting, etc.

Fishing is in vogue, mostly of hearts and hands.

Dr. J. P. Lewis, of Cloverport, was in town last week.

Measles are in town again.

Mr. Henry Dean, of Rock Lick, paid his daughter, Mrs. Wood Wortham, a short visit this week.

We look for plenty of visitors here, and at the Grayson Springs, by the 1st of June.

Judge McBeath and Hon. W. R. Haynes and wife spent last Sunday in our midst.

"Cubbage Cottage" has been greatly improved in the last two weeks, two first-class painters and several white-washers have been at work, no wonder.

The editor of the Leitchfield Sunbeam has just returned from Hartford. "Where the heart is, there the treasure is also."

R. O. Willis and wife will spend this week on Long Lick, visiting parents and friends.

The boys say that they are going to wear the girls' hats. The girls will wear theirs.

Prof. Arnold will close his school about the 8th of June with a free entertainment, which will, beyond a doubt, be very instructive.

Mr. Johnnie Barton seems to be very sly, but we generally know his whereabouts. Elizabethtown is, to him, a pleasant stop-off.

The Leitchfield correspondent of the Elizabethtown News writes a splendid letter. Wish they would set their "cap" for the editor.

Miss Minnie Graham's school closes next week.

A young lady says she is not particularly anxious to marry, but if Mr. Bob Frank will throw aside his peculiar notions about the style of wife he advertised for, and talk "real sweet," she will say yes, provided he will scratch around and get the bread while she scratches around and gets the water.

There is a young man in the upper part of Grayson who wishes to inform a Long Lick lady that he has purchased a "cabin home," twenty hogs, fourteen dogs, ten cats and a barrel of rats. If she is ready to say yes, all she has to do is to inform said gentleman, and he will be on hand by the middle of August.

While we take great interest in our home paper and wish it success in every respect, we promise not to lose any of our interest in The Breckenridge News, or cease to look forward with pleasure to its arrival. May success crown the efforts of both editors, proprietors and friends of the News and Sunbeam, is the ardent wish of your friend. EARLE.

BRECKENRIDGE NEWS

WEDNESDAY, MAY 11, 1881.

WALLACE GRUELLE, ... Editor.

SHERRY coblers never mend shoes.

THE Leitchfield Sanb am is a sparkler.

STRAIGHT whisky makes crooked walking.

THE operetta is the gossip, the small-talk, of music.

WHEN a shoemaker pegs out he literally breathes his last.

WOMAN wouldn't exchange an ounce of emotion for a pound of logic.

CROSS-EYED people frequently take a straightforward view of things.

THE national democracy will always be safe in heeding Kentucky's Beck.

THE present session of the federal senate is more than extra—it is extraordinary.

MAHONE, as emblematic of the virginal purity of his cause, wears white breeches.

ARE the new style of "galluses" styled "Conscience Suspenders" because of their elasticity?

HIDE your banknotes and bonds in your family Bible. Burglars never "search the Scriptures."

THE "Morey Letter" is supplemented by the "Hubbell Letter," and the fun of it is, the latter is genuine.

GREAT many doctors seem to practice on the principle that "a hog must be killed before he can be cured."

WHEN Conkling mentions the name of the late unsurpaced president, he pronounces it Rutherfraud B. Hayes.

IT is "neck or nothing" with the giraffe.—[Exchange. And "tail holt better than no holt" with the opossum.

THE crown of the Roumanian rulers is of steel.—[Exchange. The crown of America's republican rulers is of steal.

THE reason Mahone was never wounded in battle was because there were no microscopic sights on the federal guns.

SECTIONAL hatred is as essential to the vitality of the republican party as a venomsack is to the fangs of the rattlesnake.

POLK JOHNSON says pretty garters are shown on the legs of dummies in store windows of his city. What's that for? Have Louisville girls no legs?

NEW YORK city is angry at Rhode Island, and is threatening to dump the dirt off its streets into the bay and make a state twice as large as Little Rhody.

AN expensive young lady, Em. Brodiery.—[Exchange. An affectionate young lady, Em. Brace.—[Paris True Kentuckian.

A perplexing young lady, Em. Barrass.

THERE will be "music in the air" during the approaching municipal contest in Louisville. Will S. Hays, the Bard of Beargrass, is one of the candidates for mayor.

HANS can't figure it out. "Ven mein frau haf a baby, den dey gall me vodder. Ven I weeds mein kuh mit cornsdalk-leafs, den dey gall dose vodder, too. Now, I'm nix cornsdalk-leaf, ain't I?"

OVER in Sullivan county, Indiana, the other day, a man named Birdseggs caught a neighbor named Yates kissing his wife, and opened fire on him with such precision of aim that Mr. Yates will never again suck a Birdsegg.

THE withdrawal, Thursday afternoon, of all the New York nominations except that of Robertson, is pretty strong presumptive evidence that the president of these United States is James A. Garfield and not Roscoe Conkling.

"HOW to Get Rich," is the title of a new book. We haven't time to read it. Besides, the subject doesn't interest us. We know how to get rich. In fine, we are already rich. And we gained our wealth by editing country newspapers.

A FELLOW named Cain has been swindling the people of Owensboro, it seems, without the authorities being Abel to punish him. He would sleep during the morning, and operated at Eve. When exposed, he didn't appear to care A-dam for it.

GOOD for the democracy of Cannelton. They elected their entire town ticket by an average majority of seventy. Now let old Perry follow the Christian example of her capital, and wash the foul stain of last fall from her hitherto immaculate robes with a rousing old-fashioned democratic majority.

WE esteem the compliment paid us by the editor of the Pueblo (Col.) Daily Democrat in grouping his excerpts from this paper under the heading, "A Dish of Gruelle," but, for mercy's sake, Dave, read proof, and don't turn us loose and unprotected among your barbarous compositors, like an unfortunate prospector in the hands of the red demons of the Gunnison country, to be scalped, hacked and mangled world without end.

REV. MR. TITUS, of Indianapolis, wants a public discussion with any body who will take the negative of the proposition, "Resolved, That it is right for a minister to accept all that the people are willing to give him."—[Exchange. He needn't go past us. We're the chap he's looking for. This is the question we'll wrestle over with him, he affirming, we denying: Suppose we straddle the blind, and it costs Mr. Titus fifty dollars to chip in; then, through mistake, we deal him four aces and ourself four kings, would it be right for him to take advantage of our error in giving him an invincible and fob the pot?

IF any thing were needed—beyond the natural and palpable suggestions of common sense—to expose the utter fallacy of the alleged protection theory, the memorandum furnished Senator Blair the other day by a firm of New Hampshire woolen goods manufacturers, and by him submitted to the federal senate, is the one thing needed. This firm send their workmen to Canada where they buy wool and work it into fabrics. They then pay the duty of 35 per cent. exacted by our protective tariff, and sell the goods at a handsome profit. Thus it will be seen that protection so thoroughly protects that New Hampshire firm that they are forced to do their manufacturing on foreign soil in order to make a living!

THE STAR ROUTE FRAUDS.

The unexpected revival of the "star route" scandals which were unearthed at the second session of the last congress, but were smothered through the aid and comfort given the robbers—for that is the plain English of it—by President Hayes and the republican party in congress, all of whom backed up Brady—who was really postmaster-general, Key being only a figure-head—in his threat that he would stop mail service throughout the country unless the enormous appropriations demanded by the postal department were voted, has renewed and intensified the public interest in the exposure revamped by the new postmaster-general, who appears to be not only honestly but fearlessly entering upon the performance of the duties of his office.

The following is a brief but succinct history of these frauds, as exposed by Senator Beck from his place in the senate more than a year ago:

Page 1,214 of the Congressional Record for March 1, 1880, shows that Senator Beck opened what proved to be a severe campaign against the star routes by procuring the passage of a resolution asking Secretary Sherman to state the payments made for those routes during the two years before the times of payments, and what amount was needed to meet the existing star route liabilities according to any existing increase of rates. Having obtained this information, Senator Beck a fortnight afterwards, when the post-office deficiency bill came up for discussion, followed Senator Wallace's explanations of its purport with an analysis and exposure of the star route swindles, which no one undertook to answer except by generalities. The pending amendment when Senator Beck addressed the senate was for appropriating $1,000,000 towards the deficiencies in payments on star route account, the $6,000,000 originally voted having been exhausted. It was explained that the phrase "star routes"—originating from the star mark placed against them in blue books—comprehended all mail service not done by steam, and that it included a service of 215,000 miles, against 21,000 miles by steamboat and 79,000 miles by railway. Senator Wallace had called the attention of the senate to certain inconsistent requests of the postmaster-general and his subordinates as to these star route deficiencies, and had remarked that "either they did not know their own needs, or they had some purpose to serve." Senator Beck forthwith proceeded to demonstrate the nature of the purposes that had been served. He caused to be read a letter from General Brady to the committee on appropriations, dated in the autumn of 1879, in which that official asked a turning over to the credit of the star route the sum of two millions which remained unexpended to the credit of the other routes; and Senator Beck showed that Brady was attempting a nullification of law, because the democrats succeeded to the control of congress before all unexpended balances were systematically turned over from one to another account, at the will of cabinet officers, until a law forbade such methods. Senator Beck next invited attention to the fact that the statutes required from the post-office department a blue book every September, which was to contain all possible details as to contracts, contractors, service and increases of speed or money, yet that the book, although partially published at that time, was silent as to details of star routes, and that six months had passed without additions as to these details having been made to the blue-book. Senator Beck then read an answer from General Brady to a committee request for explanation of these delays, in which the second assistant postmaster general had said: "I should be compelled to investigate before I can answer." In connection with this the senator read a statement from Mr. Cranston Lawrie, of the statistical bureau, in which he stated he had every week regularly furnished to General Brady in person all the facts which were kept out of the blue-book, which General Brady wished to "investigate." Senator Beck next indicated how all this led to investigation and to a refusal of the committee to permit any transfer of the two millions—which in consequence of the investigation had dwindled to a demand for one million of deficiency. He then denounced the consequent process of coercion that the post-office department at once began. He read a letter from Postmaster-General Key, by which he informed congress that because of its refusal of Brady's request he must reduce all the star route service to one trip per week and must cease all extensions of postal service. Mr. Key was immediately summoned before the committee to answer by what authority he had already expended the whole of the $6,000,000 appropriated for star routes; or by what authority he proposed to cripple the postal service by reducing it on at least 10,000 routes, but he escaped answering by immediately withdrawing his proposition for the reduction. These postal officers, Senator Beck pointedly said, "did not exceed the appropriation by accident; they did it by design. Thus we are coerced. Road agents order us to stand and deliver—to furnish them with money, or the mails shall be stopped." This brought Senator Beck to a sharp analysis of three star routes in order to show how the plundering was done. The route from Fort Worth to Fort Yuma was let for a contract price of $134,000, but $165,000 was soon added because a mile—one whole mile—per hour had been added to the contract speed, yet without one additional mail being carried or one additional office established along the route—and all without competitive bids. When another route from Prescott to Santa Fe, benefiting only fourteen post-offices, was let for $13,000 the first contractor threw up his service and General Brady, at an increase of $78,700, payment for supposed "expedition," put it into the hands of a man named Walsh upon Walsh's own unsupported statement that such increase was absolutely essential. When summoned before the committee for an explanation of this extraordinary conduct General Brady was forced to admit that he had himself theretofore, upon his own sworn testimony, procured in New Orleans while a revenue officer the indictment of this very Walsh for defrauding the government. Indeed, upon the indictment in the department of justice, Senator Beck found Brady's name indorsed as the principal witness against Walsh. General Brady having absolutely no explanation to offer for presenting $78,700 to a man whom he had under oath pronounced dishonest, Walsh himself was summoned, who brazenly said, "If I had been longer in mail service I would have made the extra claim $200,000, and you would now have been investigating me at that figure." The third route to which Senator Beck paid attention extended from Vinita to Las Vegas—a service done on a buckboard, and the mails of which filled only three sacks, yet for which service General Brady had of his own will increased the compensation from $6,330 to $141,260. "Here are three star routes," repeated Senator Beck, "increased $430,000 when there is only an increase of $300,000 on 10,000 of the other routes throughout the United States." Senator Beck passed by Brady because, as he said, Brady was a subordinate and he must fasten the complicity in the transactions upon Judge Key, in regard to whom he showed by testimony from Judge Key himself that with full knowledge of a statute providing that no head of department could exceed the periodical quotas of appropriation for his department, Judge Key had suffered the star route appropriations to become exhausted in half a year, so that at first two millions and at last one million dollars of deficiency had been impudently demanded.

When, two months later, the regular post-office appropriation bill for the approaching year came before the senate, Senator Beck renewed this context, and repeated all his previous statements and arguments, and on each occasion without success. The Congressional Record shows how Kirkwood—now secretary of the interior—defended the claims for deficiency and for the huge appropriations on star route account, and even referred to General Brady as "a faithful, honest and capable public servant." Senator Blaine then added his voice and vote in championing the requests of General Brady for deficiency moneys. A stringent restrictive amendment offered by Senator Beck was lost by a vote of 28 to 32—there voting with him such representative men as Bayard, Eaton, Edmunds, Hamlin, Kernan, McDonald, Morrill and Voorhees, and there voting with Blaine and Kirkwood and for General Brady such allies as Allison, Cameron, Dawes, Hoar and Windom. Conkling had been present at the first debate, but had said nothing, and his name is absent from the roll on each occasion. Of the senators who voted for the fraudulent deficiencies and appropriations after Senator Beck's exposures Blaine, Kirkwood and Windom are colleagues of the successor of Key and Maynard, who has practically turned out Brady and Brady's principal, Dorsey. It becomes an interesting question why Garfield, Blaine, Kirkwood and Windom when in congress did not upon Senator Beck's exposures do what they now approve when it is done upon Mr. James's motion?

Ex-carpetbag Senator Dorsey, lately secretary of the national republican committee, who was feasted so royally at Delmonico's, in New York, "for carrying Indiana," has published a card full of virtuous indignation at being "made a conspicuous mark for the shafts of assailants." Like the self-sacrificing Brady, he complains of cruel treatment and calls loudly on the postmaster general for a certificate of character. All the revelations incontestably demonstrate that the star service was an organized conspiracy to rob the public treasury by straw bids, straw bonds, raised contracts, increased expedition, and other devices. While Brady and his confederates professed to keep within the letter of the law, and fortified themselves with petitions and influences, the fact stands forth as clear as the sun at noonday, when all the parts are put together, that these men entered into a combination and conspiracy for the sole purpose of defrauding the government.

The case of the man Dorsey furnishes an intelligible illustration of the method pursued by the robbers. Dorsey, his brother John W., his brother-in-law, John M. Peck, and his partner, John R. Miner, formed a business concern engaged in the star route contracts. How far Brady and others were interested does not, of course, appear upon the surface. That interest was doubtless apportioned under the rule of "addition, division and silence." Brady gave twenty valuable routes to these four confederates, really represented by the "sublime Dorsey," (as Beecher dubbed him at the Delmonico dinner), as follows:

	Original Price.	Raised Price.
Jno. R. Miner, No. 35,851	$2,550	$70,000
Jno. M. Peck, No. 46,248	5,988	35,928
Jno. W. Dorsey, No. 35,015	398	6,133
Jno. M. Peck, No. 52,018	7,600	34,200
Jno. R. Miner, No. 52,021	820	12,300
Jno. W. Dorsey, No. 38,111	1,700	13,706
Jno. R. Miner, No. 38,134	388	8,135
Jno. W. Dorsey, No. 38,135	1,467	13,430
Jno. R. Miner, No. 38,180	3,450	51,195
Jno. W. Dorsey, No. 38,156	1,488	16,504
Jno. R. Miner, No. 39,104	1,748	13,110
Jno. W. Dorsey, No. 40,104	2,902	52,035
Jno. M. Peck, No. 40,102	4,945	18,600
Jno. W. Dorsey, No. 40,112	1,388	14,112
Jno. M. Peck, No. 41,118	1,168	19,311
Jno. M. Peck, No. 44,146	2,468	21,460
Jno. W. Dorsey, No. 44,154	1,988	20,200
Jno. M. Peck, No. 44,155	8,288	72,520
Jno. M. Peck, No. 44,156	2,888	21,560
Jno. M. Peck, No. 46,152	1,188	8,910
Total	$55,955	$490,383

These contracts were raised nearly nine hundred per cent. on the original lettings. With the single exception of route No. 52,021, sublet to H. M. Vaile, who is his own surety, all of them, aggregating half a million of dollars in round numbers, were bonded by Clint. Wheeler and S. N. Hoyt, neither of whom is pecuniarily responsible. How did it happen that these two persons were allowed to become bondsmen for all the contracts above sublet? Was it by accident, or was it by design that in case of any failure or break-up in the jobbery, the department would be left without recourse? Is it reasonable to suppose that the officials charged with the duty of examining and certifying to the sufficiency of the contractor's bonds were ignorant that those so-called sureties were mere shams put up for form's sake?

A Losing Joke.

A prominent physician of Pittsburgh said jokingly to a lady patient who was complaining of her continued ill health, and of his inability to cure her, "try Hop Bitters!" The lady took it in earnest and used the Bitters, from which she obtained permanent health. She now laughs at the doctor for his joke, but he is not so well pleased with it, as it cost him a good patient.—[Harrisburgh Patriot.

ONE DAY ONLY!

At Cloverport, Tuesday, May 17, 1881!

THE ONE BIG SHOW OF THE UNIVERSE!

MILES ORTON'S

NEW MASTODON SHOWS!

Consolidated with Hagenbeck's Royal German Menagerie and Thierpark.

Behold the Features, the many new and novel attractions seen only when ORTON comes.

THE SENSATIONAL GYMNASTS,

Little ALLIE and BERNARD, in conjunction with AZELI, the Herculean wonder, in their terrific aerial Leaps and Somersaults high in air, concluding with a TREMENDOUS HEADLONG DIVE from a height of 60 feet to a net receiver, representing in their hazardous plunge A FIERY COMET SHOT FROM THE DREAD IMMENSITY OF SPACE. Imagine a human being ascending to a precipitous height on a single invisible wire and then, floating out upon the thin atmosphere, for a moment leaf from vision, and again seen gracefully swinging by her feet from a lofty trapeze bar 50 feet distant. They are the Sensation of the time.

THE SPANISH CIRCO

OF NOVEL ATHLETES,

JUGGLERS

—AND—

GYMNASTS,

—INCLUDING—

Signor Dawn,

JUGGLING WITH BALL OF FIRE!

AND THE SPANISH BULL FIGHT,

Hagenbeck's Royal German

MENAGERIE

—AND

THIERPARK!

The Largest and the Finest in the Whole World.

More Rare Features with More Trained

ANIMALS

Than can be seen in any Traveling Menagerie on the Continent.

THE MONSTER GAVIAL,

Or Crocodile of India!

SPORTING IN A MONSTER TANK TWENTY FEET IN LENGTH.

1,000

RARE WILD BEASTS AND BIRDS, AND

Other Novel Features.

LUCERA'S LORDLY LIONS

Performed by this fearless lady who also turns the savage brutes loose on the streets.

THE JUVENILE CIRCUS

Of Lilliputian Artists, including

MASTER CLAUDE

The Celebrated Horseman of the juvenile fraternity, and the Champion Picturesque equestrian, old or young.

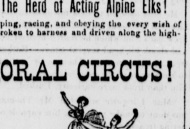
The Herd of Acting Alpine Elks!

In their difficult and peculiar Feats, waltzing, leaping, racing, and obeying the every wish of their trainer. The only pair of Alpine Elks ever broken to harness and driven along the highway

ORTON'S OWN MORAL CIRCUS!

Of over 100 celebrities, equestrians, acrobats, leapers, tumblers, rivaling each other in a tournament of athletes and gymnasts. The unchallenged champion,

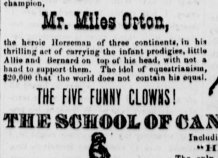
Mr. Miles Orton,



the heroic Horseman of three continents, in his thrilling act of carrying the infant prodigies, little Allie and Bernard on top of his head, with not a hand to support them. The idol of equestrianism, $20,000 that the world does not contain his equal.

THE FIVE FUNNY CLOWNS!

THE SCHOOL OF CANINE SAGACITY,



Including the riding Dog "HECTOR."

The only Car that executes a somersault on a bare-back horse.

FAMOUS MUSEUM.

Stephen's Musical Congress.

Clever Bicycle Duartette!

In trials of speed inside the great tents, and all the great attractions, including over

200 New and Special Features

Seen with no other show on earth. MILES ORTON

Note my Day and Date. I never fail.

Admission, 50 cents; children under 9 years, 25 cents. Doors open at 1 and 7 p.m. Remember the Free Street Review at 10 a.m., and the Free High Wire Ascent on the show lot at 1 p.m. Free to all.

WILL ALSO EXHIBIT AT

PELLVILLE, MONDAY, MAY 16. HAWESVILLE, WEDNESDAY, MAY 18

OWENSBORO, SATURDAY, MAY 14.

VEST & SMART,

ARE THE

RESIDENT AGENTS

AT

CLOVERPORT, KY.,

FOR THE FOLLOWING

RELIABLE INSURANCE COMPANIES!

ROYAL, of Liverpool, of England;

LONDON and LANCASHIRE, of Liverpool;

BRITISH AMERICA, Toronto, Canada.

Aggregating a cash capital, subject to the adjustment of losses, of more than $25,000,000. Risks solicited on stocks of merchandise, dwellings, storehouses, etc. Rates as low as other good companies.

BARBEE & CASTLEMAN, Louisville, Managers of the Southern Department.

n39-4m

SOME "ILLUSTRATED" FACTS.

We present to our readers cuts of the movement and case of the Celebrated

F. N. D'HUY $15 00 SOLID SILVER "RAILROAD" WATCH.

Which we warrant to be equal to any watch in the world (price considered), and is guaranteed to keep *good time*, walking or riding, hot or cold. Any one in need of a good watch, will do well to buy one of these watches, which we will send to any address, postage paid, on receipt of the price. When in Cloverport or Hardinsburg call and examine them. No trouble to show our goods.

ALSO

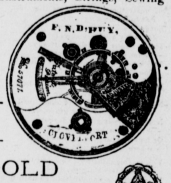
a full stock of Gold Rings, Jewelry, Silverware, Clocks, Gold Pens, Musical Instruments, Strings, Sewing Machines, Needles, &c.

ALSO, SOLE AGENT

IN BRECKENRIDGE CO.

FOR

KING'S COMBINATION SPECTACLES AND EYE-GLASSES.



The best in the market. Every pair warranted to give satisfaction.

SOLID GOLD

MASONIC & OTHER EMBLEM

PINS, AT FROM $1 00 TO $1 25.

Write for prices of any thing in my line. Address,

BRANCH HOUSE, F. N. D'HUY, Jeweler,

Opposite Post-Office, No. 173 Wall Street,

Hardinsburg, Ky. Cloverport, Ky.

Established 1873. n50-1yr

IT WILL PAY YOU

When you want to buy a

WAGON, BUGGY, PLOW, MOWER, REAPER, OR ANY OTHER FARMING IMPLEMENT,

To Call Immediately on

WITT & CONRAD

BLACKSMITHS & WAGONMAKERS,

CLOVERPORT, KY.

They keep a full supply of all the above articles at prices as low as the lowest. Horse-shoeing done by

ABNER DENT,

One of the best shoers in the county. All work warranted, and satisfactory prices guaranteed.

WITT & CONRAD.

[n38-tf

THE NEW BOOT AND SHOE SHOP.

J. W. McMILLEN,

FORMERLY OF STEPHENSPORT,

FASHIONABLE BOOT & SHOE MAKER,

NEXT DOOR TO C. P. BABBAGE'S,

WALL STREET,

CLOVERPORT - - - - - - - - - - - - KENTUCKY.

I am prepared to do all kinds of work in the Latest Styles either for Gentlemen or Ladies wear. I use nothing but first-class stock, and all my work is

Warranted to Fit.

MY PRICES WILL ALWAYS BE THE LOWEST. Call on me if you want a Good, Nice-Fitting Boot or Shoe at a Reasonable Price.

J. W. McMILLEN.

n36-3m

ALF. ALLEN. JNO. ALLEN MURRAY. M. BOARD.

ALLEN, MURRAY & BOARD,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

HARDINSBURG AND CLOVERPORT, KY.

Have formed an association for the practice of law in Breckenridge county, and solicit business.

n40-6m

FRED MOOK,

(WAGON-MAKER,)

Desires to inform his friends and the public that he has opened out in H. J. May's Blacksmith Shop, and is prepared to do all kinds of Wood Work, such as making Wagons, Plows, and repairing. Call and examine work and prices.

n41-4t

FAIR WARNING.

I hereby notify all persons that my wife Mary having left my bed and board without just cause or provocation, they are warned to have no dealings whatever with her on my account, as I will pay no debts of her contracting.

April 28, 1881. JOSEPH JARRETT.

n41-2t

Apply to the Editor of this Paper, or write for wholesale prices to

R. S. TABB,

JOBBER IN THE

NEW REMINGTON NO. 3,

WILSON, CROWN,

SINGER PATTERN,

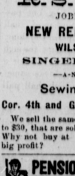
—AND OTHER—

Sewing Machines,

Cor. 4th and Green Sts., Louisville, Ky.

We sell the same class of Machines from $20 to $50, that are sold by agents from $45 to $55. Why not buy at Headquarters, and save this big profit?

n40-4t



PENSIONS For SOLDIERS

Widows, fathers, mothers or children. Thousands entitled. Pensions given for loss of finger, toe, eye or injury. Various kinds of army diseases. Thousands of pensions granted for minor wounds. Thousands of pensions granted for diseases not mentioned in the law. Pensions granted for invalids, widows and children of deceased soldiers. Bounties and back pay for over eighty days' service. Send 3 stamps for "The Citizen-Soldier," and Pension and Bounty laws, blanks and instructions. We are agents for attorneys of Pensions and Claims, and can refer to Members of Congress and Pension Bureau officials. Address, with stamps, Tanner & Co., Pension Attorneys, Washington, D. C.

n40-2m

BRECKENRIDGE NEWS.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 11, 1881.

FOR THE STATE SENATE.

We are authorized to announce Ma. R. Y. BUSH, of Hancock county, as a candidate for the ensuing August election, to represent the district composed of the counties of Hancock, Breckenridge, Grayson and Edmonson, in the State Senate. Subject to the action of a Democratic convention should one be called.
n28 tc

We are authorized to announce Mr. LAFAYETTE GREEN, of Grayson county, as a candidate to represent this (the 10th) Senatorial District in the State Senate, at the ensuing August election, subject to the decision of the democratic party.

We are authorized to announce Dr. T. N. WARFIELD, of Breckenridge county, as a candidate to represent this (the 10th) Senatorial District in the State Senate, at the ensuing August election, subject to the decision of the democratic party.

PERSONAL.

Master Ernest Lewis is very ill.

Dr. Warfield has taken to the woods.

Mr. F. L. Roff and wife have moved to Louisville.

Mr. Elijah Board, of Hardinsburg, spent Sunday in town.

Very Rt. Rev. Bishop McCloskey will be here on the 18th inst.

Dr. J. T. Baker, of Warren county, has located in Hardinsburg.

Miss Lizzie Kay returned Sunday from a visit to Evansville, Ind.

Rev. V. P. Thomas, of Hawesville, was up last week attending the meeting.

Miss Leila Henly opened her school last Monday week with thirty-five pupils enrolled.

Hon. W. E. Minor has withdrawn from the senatorial race. See his card in another column.

Rev. H. T. Lampton leaves next Sunday for Shelbyville to attend the Baptist State Association, which convenes in that city next Tuesday.

Mr. Rd. Hayes passed through town Monday en route for his home in Henderson county, after a few weeks visit among relatives in Hardinsburg.

Rev. B. F. Orr, of Owensboro, an eloquent divine, has been in the city the past week assisting in the Elm street M. E. church revival. He left Monday night.

Rev. J. M. Phillips, of Brandenburg, took the packet for home last Wednesday, after faithfully working in our revival for nearly two weeks. He delivered a number of excellent sermons while here.

Our very agreeable neighbor of the press, John D. Bulinge, of THE BRECKENRIDGE NEWS, was in Hawesville on last Monday taking items. We were made glad to extend a greeting hand, and could have gladly enjoyed more of his genial association. Come again, Johnny, and make a longer stay. He was the guest of Mr. R. H. Allen.—[Hawesville Democrat.

LOCAL BREVITIES.

Teams wanted by C. W. Chess.

Fresh fish 5 and 6 cents per lb.

May day is a thing of the past.

The woods are full of squirrels.

Eggs in good demand at 8 cents.

The News office has a new towel.

The iron bridge needs a new floor.

The devil catches it on every corner.

C. W. Chess wants a lot of teams to haul timber.

Look out for the hog ordinance to be enforced.

Clover Creek will soon be in good order for fishing.

Constant showers are seriously retarding farm work.

Corn brings 60 cents at retail, 50 cents from wagons.

Read C. W. Chess's advertisement in another column.

Ice cream at Seifried's every Wednesday and Saturday.

A number of ye Hardinsburg folk were in town Friday.

The trustees have raised the license on drug stores to $40.

Mr. Austin Beavin has twenty-six head of fine sheep for sale.

J. L. Miller is the leading stove and tin man in Cloverport.

This city has not been so religiously stirred up for years.

If you have a team and want a good job, call on C. W. Chess.

Owensboro and Evansville will soon be connected by telephone.

Bank Vessels has closed his saloon and gone to work in tobacco.

J. L. Miller is selling stoves cheaper than any house in the country.

One-horse plows at J. L. Miller's for $4.80, with two extra points.

Call on Mr. Allen Murphy for doors, sash, etc., if you want good bargains.

C. W. Chess shipped, last Sunday, 115,000 staves to Aurora, Ind., by barge.

Mr. John W. Raitt is engaged in getting up a new set of town ordinances.

Hawesville has a billiard table. The husbands enjoy it, but the wives don't.

Marion Ryan has converted his shoeshop into a bulletin board for show bills.

Dr. H. O. Morton, of Rock Lick, is spoken of as a candidate for the legislature.

Work has commenced in earnest on the Hardinsburg and Cloverport turnpike.

Quite a number of the Hawesvillians came up on the Dick Johnson Sunday.

There will be baptising at the city wharf next Sunday morning at 8 o'clock a. m.

Frank Leslie's Budget, for May and June, can be found at Babbage's News Depot.

Mr. Fred Mook has purchased the Gardner property, on the river front, below Wall street.

Don't buy your Reaping and Mowing Machines until you see J. L. Miller's stock of Champions.

Farmers and Threshermen look out for the "Starved Rooster Thresher" in next week's paper.

All interested in the Gymnasium are requested to be present to-morrow (Thursday) night, without fail.

The colored people are having a very warm revival meeting at their place of worship on Wall street.

Mr. A. J. Gross has sold his dwelling house, located on Main street, near the river, to Mr. Fred Mook, for $675.

A turnpike road to the Falls of Rough is agitating the people all along the line. Every body seems to be in favor of it.

The Rainbow was so crowded with freight last Sunday that she had to leave a lot of hogs here belonging to Mr. Nelson Jolly.

Superior Ice Cream will be served at Bullman's every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evening, between 7 and 10 o'clock.
n12 tf

The "Whistling Dick" was up Sunday with an excursion of young folk aboard from Lewisport and Hawesville.

The News gang returns thanks to Mr. Albert Fahrenburg for a treat of ice-cream. We can recommend it as having no equal.

Wool demand good at the following prices: Burry, 10 to 20 cents; grease, olive of burrs, 18 to 22 cents; tub washed, 30 to 35 cents per lb.

The Oelze Bros. have purchased the vacant lot on the corner of Center and Second streets, and will erect thereon a two-story granary, 30x50.

What resemblance does a lawyer in a contested will case bear to Ared, the trapeze performer in Orton's circus? He flies through the *heir* with the greatest of *fees*.

The administrator's sale of the personal property belonging to the estate of the late T. M. Miller, will take place to-morrow (Thursday) at his residence in Hardinsburg.

A great attraction with Orton's circus is the only team of Driving Elks drawing a barouche in the street parade—a novel sight and well worth coming a hundred miles to see.

W. T. McGary, of Hardinsburg, has bought the stock and fixtures of the saloon belonging to the late Mr. Hitchcock, and will continue the business at the old stand near the iron bridge.

The protracted meeting at the Elm street Methodist church closed Monday night, after a continuous session of about one month. The result has been twenty-four additions to the Methodist church and six to the Baptist.

Again we beg the indulgence of our correspondents. The circus people unexpectedly ran in on us and took up two columns of the space we had alloted to our letters. We will give a short installment of the story next week, and endeavor to get in all the letters we have on hand.

Dr. C. T. Rhoades has taken charge of the Tar Springs, and is putting every thing in good repair for this summer's season. The road leading to the springs is being worked and put in good condition for travel, and every thing will be in order by the 20th instant for the reception of guests.

Mr. Nelson Jolly put up on the 19th day of March last seventy-three head of hogs, averaging 133 lbs, fed them about ten bushels of corn per day for forty-six days. Last Saturday he drove them to town, weighed them, and they averaged 218¾ lbs, making a gain of 85¾ lbs to the hog. Counting the gain at 5¼ cents per lb will make his corn feed him something near $1.00 per bushel.

The first number of the Leitchfield Sunbeam has reached us, and we congratulate Claude on the promise it holds out. The proprietor, Mr. Claude Yeager, is a young man of whom any community may justly be proud. He is moral, upright and industrious—in fact, is a model young man—and we shall watch his career with deep interest. If the people of Grayson do not give him and his enterprise at least a living support, we will make it our business, the first time we go to the legislature, to have it dismantled and remanded to a territorial condition.

More people suffer from Billiousness than any one ailment. If Bilious you will be restless, your Head aches, low Spirits, Costiveness, no Appetite, want of Energy and other symptoms which never fail to give warning of impending danger from a siege of sickness. All this can be avoided, and at a nominal cost, without any expense for physicians. Go to your druggist with a silver dollar or a greenback either, and tell him you want a bottle of Dr. Marshall's Bromoline for the above complaints, and take according to directions. You should take of the Bromoline until you feel entirely free from all sickness. Trial bottles free. Regular size $1. Sold by A. R. Fisher.

The initial number of the Hawesville Democrat made its appearance Saturday, and more than realized our anticipations. Typographically, it is an ornament to Kentucky journalism. Its written editorial work is executed in capital style by its proprietor, skilled and excellent writer, Judge R. Y. Bush. In the "general utility" editorial work we recognize the good taste and judgment of J. E. Riley; while on the lively local page we trace the spirited hand of that rollicking genius, Frank Gordon, better known to the readers of the NEWS as "Ben Flute." On the whole, we have fallen in love with our new neighbor at first sight, and if the good people of Hancock appreciate it one-half as highly as we do, it will gain a thousand subscribers in less than a month.

Singular and Sad Death of Mrs. Ed. Ryan.

Saturday afternoon, Mrs. Ed. Ryan, living about five miles southwest of this city, near Pisgah church, came to her death in the following singular and horrible manner. It appears that she was subject to spells of dizziness, and on the afternoon named went out to the woodpile in the center of the yard for some wood to build a fire preparatory to cooking supper. The woodpile, it seems, is near the edge of a small fish pond, in which the water is about a foot deep. As she did not return to the house, one of her children went out to see what had become of her, and found her lying on the ground at the woodpile, with her face in the water of the pond. He pulled her out, but she was dead, evidently drowned. It is supposed that she was seized with one of her spasms of dizziness while stooping to pick up wood, and fell on her face in the pond. She leaves a husband and two children.

Dr. Swan's Lectures Necessarily Postponed.

Sunday intelligence reached us, through a dispatch from Mr. Elbert M. Swan, Rockport, Ind., to Dr. Jas. T. Owen, of this city, that his father, Rev. Dr. T. J. Swan, will be unable to comply with the lecture engagements here, notice of which we gave last week, in consequence of severe illness. Indeed so ill is he that, coupled with his advanced age, we seriously doubt if it will ever be the good fortune of his friends and admirers in this city to look upon the good old man eloquent again in the flesh. His son writes: "He is *very low*. We scarcely entertain a hope of his recovery. I don't think he realizes how sick he is." Should it please Providence to prolong his life, and he recovers strength to come, he will deliver his course of lectures here, due notice of which will be given.

Death of an Estimable Lady.

Mrs. Margaret A. Culley, the estimable wife of Mr. J. N. Culley, died at the residence of her husband near Liberty Hall, in this county, last Friday morning, of consumption. Deceased was the daughter of Mr. Joseph McPherson, of this city, and had attained her 42nd year on the 22nd of February last. She leaves beside a fond husband, to mourn her loss, three children, two boys and a girl. She had been confined to her bed for one year. Her remains were brought to town and funeral services held at her father's residence at 4 o'clock Saturday evening. Her remains were deposited in the old Murray graveyard.

Orton is Around Again.

The Holden (Mo.) Enterprise sums it up in a nutshell, thus: "The universal wish of the people is that Orton's circus fulfilled all its promises. It won golden opinions here." The big show will give a street parade in the morning and a free high-wire ascent on the show grounds at 1 p. m. The date of appearance here is fixed for Tuesday, May 17. It is seldom that we are favored with a really first-class show, and one feels assured in predicting a perfect jam when Milo Orton comes.

J. L. Miller

Has the largest stock of Stoves in this country.

ONCE A WEEK

The Red Hand of Murder Crimsons the Soil of Perry County, Indiana, with The Blood of Two Souls Sent Down Without Warning and Without Compunction—The Latest Assassination.

This makes the third consecutive week that we have been compelled, as a faithful chronicler of passing events, to record a murder occurring in the opposite county of our sister state—the first being that of Dick Welsh, near Rome, by his son; the second that of George McDaniels, near Troy, by John Lynch, and now we have to note the cold-blooded assassination of John Northerner, near Cannelton, on the night of the 30th ult., by Alfred Bolin. The circumstances of the terrible crime, as developed before the examining court on Monday, the 2d inst., are as follows:

It appears that Northerner and his wife—who is sister to the assassin of her husband—have not been living happily together, owing to the woman's infidelity and general capacity for making home a miniature hell. Several times the parties separated, but came together again, Northerner confessing her conduct because of their children, of whom there are six. At length, this spring two years ago, occurred a separation that seemed to be final, as the court interposed a decree of divorce between them. This was at the May, 1879, term of the Perry circuit court. But even this was failed over, and the parties lived together during the ensuing August. Last winter, however, her lechery and his jealousy resulted in another separation, she flying for refuge to her father, Willis Bolin, with her youngest child, an infant of eighteen months, leaving the other with the eldest a girl of thirteen, to be cared for by the father. Thus matters stood up to the night of the tragedy that separated the ill assorted couple forever.

On Saturday night, April 30, there was the usual neighborhood prayer-meeting at the house of Hiram Boyd, grandfather to Mrs. Northerner, on Deer Creek, some three or four miles out from Cannelton. Among those present were the Northerners. He asked her permission to hold or nurse the baby awhile, which she accorded, and handed him the child. After a little abuse of the babe, and he refused to return it, she left at the same time declaring that he would die before surrendering it to her. Alfred Bolin, her brother, immediately left the room, calling to his two younger brothers, Charles (aged 18?) and Anderson (aged 15), to come away. They did so, and he posted them, one at each door, armed with clubs, to prevent Northerner from leaving the house with the child, while he hurried home to his father's and procured his shotgun.

In the meantime, Northerner changed his mind about retaining the babe, and handed to a lady, who took it to the door and placed it in Charles' arms, and told him to take it off home, which he did. On the way he met Alfred returning to Boyd's with his gun and endeavored to persuade him to turn back with him, but he refused, and continued going in the direction of his grandfather's. He met Anderson on the prayer-meeting, and halted them with the gun at his shoulder until satisfied that his intended victim was not with them, and rain his sister and brother Anderson, when he met them, plead with him to turn back with them and forego his evil intention. But he was deaf to every thing that any one said, and continued on his way to the commission of as cowardly and black-hearted a crime as ever stained the crimson annals of any state.

Arriving at Boyd's, he concealed himself in a fence corner opposite the door, and awaited the appearance of the doomed man. Presently Boyd and Northerner came out and stood by the doorway engaged in conversation, the light from the lamp inside shining full upon the latter's breast. This was the assassin's opportunity, and he did not hesitate to utilize it. Raising to his feet and taking deliberate aim, he emptied the contents of both barrels into Northerner's stomach, who fell to the ground, carried into the house of a near neighbor named Van Pelt, and medical assistance summoned; but the wounded man was beyond aid, and death ensued in about an hour after the wounds were inflicted.

The young assassin hurried to his home, handled up his clothes and fled into the darkness. It is supposed that he crossed the river into this state. The deceased is represented to us as being a man of industrious habits (who realized about $50 per month from his labor in the Hancock mines near Hawesville), a good provider, and, except his troubles with his wife, was a peaceable, well-disposed citizen. Charles and Anderson Bolin were arrested on a charge of being accessory to the murder, and, bailed by Justice Heck, of Cannelton, in the sum of $1,000 each to appear and answer the charge at the current term of the Perry circuit court. They promptly furnished the bonds required and were set at liberty.

The Fastest Business Trip Ever Made From New Orleans to Cincinnati.

Last Thursday evening the steamer Reuben Springer—from New Orleans to Cincinnati—passed this port about 6.30 o'clock p. m. on what has proved to be the fastest business trip ever made between those ports. We use the term business trip advisedly, because, in the spring of 1844 the Duke of Orleans, the fastest boat on the western waters in those days, made the same trip in five days and eighteen hours, and it always been accepted as the quickest trip ever made, and has so been placed on record. The Springer, in her last trip, passed the wharf at Cincinnati in six days, two hours and ten minutes after leaving New Orleans—her actual running time being five days, twelve hours and forty-five minutes. The difference between her trip and the famous exploit of the Duke in 1844, consists in the significant fact that the latter was stripped for the task, was loaded with only through freight, and wasted but eight hours and eighteen minutes on her trip, and they were consumed in wooding up, except one hour and forty minutes in the coal yard at Louisville. On this trip the Duke's furnaces were kept at a white heat and her engines put to their utmost capacity from the first to the last moment, her log showing that she consumed ninety cords of pine wood, thirty-five cords of cypress and cotton wood, two hundred bushels of coal, and thirty-five barrels of rosin. Besides all this, the Duke was a small boat of four hundred tons burthen and one hundred and eighty-three feet in length, and was but fast running with thirty-inch cylinder, ten-foot stroke engines, while the Springer is nearly three hundred feet in length, sixteen feet in width, and has two feet stroke and inch cylinders and only eight-foot stroke. Then, unlike the Duke, she did not start out for the purpose of making a fastest record, but was laden as usual for a general business trip, landing at thirty-seven points along the coast to discharge or receive freight, while the Duke made landings only at Vicksburg, Memphis, Cairo, Paducah and Louisville. All things considered, the Springer has made the fastest trip ever accomplished, and deserves well to receive and wear the designation we now confer upon her, the Ten Brooks of the Waters.

Suicide of a Farmer.

Mr. William Barnes, a well-to-do and thrifty farmer of Jefferson county, ended his life one day last week with morphine. Deceased was an industrious, money-making and money-saving man, and no cause no known cause existed for the rash act. It seemed that he was simply tired of living, and had made an attempt on his life once before.

Louisville Wool Market.

May 9.—A few small lots are coming toward, but prices are little better than nominal. We give the following prices: Medium unwashed at 21@23c for southern and western; tub-washed at 32@35c.

FASHION'S FANCIES.

The Latest Effects in Bonnets, Hats, Flowers, Lace, Gloves, Etc.

Mrs. Wells opened her spring importation of millinery goods Monday, and we dropped in to see what fashion has done for the adornment of the sisters, as well as to obtain data for figuring up the probable cost of the inroads made on our pocketbook. We were not in her store two minutes until we were thankful that we were not born a girl, and found that there is enough of old Mother Eve in us to make us want to buy some of the handsome goods to wear anyhow.

For the first time in the experience of Cloverport femininity, our ladies now have the opportunity to adorn themselves with genuine imported French flowers, Spanish laces, gloves, fans, hosiery, etc., without being compelled to put up with English and Yankee imitations, or go shopping off to distant cities and paying exorbitant prices for the genuine. Mrs. Wells has marked down these veritable and valuable goods below the Louisville prices, and we are satisfied that she can suit every taste and at less cost than any one else. Indeed, she says she will not permit herself to be undersold by any body. Gloves, hosiery and parasols are something she has not heretofore kept in stock, and she certainly has displayed great taste in her selection of these indispensable articles. It would require a column to enumerate all the pretty friends that they need not run off to the city in search of that which is beautiful, desirable and necessary to their adornment so long as our ever ready and ever accommodating and accommodating caterer as Mrs. Wells.

The Cloverport and Falls of Rough Turnpike.

Since our last issue we have consulted with and been consulted by several of the leading citizens living along the route of the projected road, and in accordance with the universal desire that the date of the mass meeting shall be fixed on a day that will secure the largest attendance, therefore we announce that, instead of the last Saturday in the present month, the mass meeting will be held at Liberty Hall on Wednesday, June 1. Let the friends of the road along the line, so that there may be no confusion of dates.

As this will of necessity be an informal gathering until it gives itself form and permanence by regular organization, we are not authorized to speak with authority, and do not feel inclined to usurp functions that do pertain to us. In calling this meeting we do but act upon the suggestion and voice the wish of those vitally interested in the success of the enterprise.

Of course it will not require argument to convince those living along the route, or in adjacent neighborhoods, that it will require diligent and tangible benefits, of the necessity—the immediate and urgent necessity—for an improvement of this character contemplated. The present execrable roads the people are compelled to travel in order to reach the river and a market for their products, speak with their lips of and with all the logic of impassable holes and sloughs and rhetoric of crushed wheels, skidded wagons and crippled teams, and expense that a good road would have saved.

Let us all turn out on the 1st of June prepared to do all of our duty in the premises. Let us meet and consult with an eye single to the benefits that will accrue from the construction of this much needed public work. As we said last week, our country friends will not find Cloverport backward in doing her whole duty. Let them put their shoulders to the wheel, and work liberally to the fund that will be necessary to construct the road, and inside of a twelve-month it will be an accomplished fact.

Hon. W. E. Minor Declines to Enter the Lists for the Senate, and Gives His Reasons Therefor—An Excellent Letter.

Editor Breckenridge News:

HARDINSBURG, May 5, 1881.

In response to generous calls from my friends in the Stephensport and Union Star precincts, inviting me to become a candidate for the state senate in this, the 10th senatorial district, I had decided to meet their wishes, and proceeded even so far as to canvass the county of Hancock and portions of Breckenridge. After flattering encouragement from friends at home my visit was extended to Hancock, developing a kindred sympathy which inspired an increasing confidence that there were many there who desired me to enter the race. Together with the other candidates I addressed the people of Hancock declaring myself a candidate before them. Afterwards there were strong personal appeals urged upon me to yield my aspirations, and thereupon I consented to sacrifice my personal ambition upon the altar of a genuine friendship and a sentiment of claims over my brief citizenship in the district.

Whilst with grace and democratic submission my own ambition is waived, I can not but experience the keenness of regret that my withdrawal from the senatorial contest reflects upon a proper appreciation, on my part, of a generous honor extended to a now neighbor and friend. Whilst thanking my friends for the signal and kind expression of confidence allow me to express an earnest desire that we, in common with the entire masses of the 10th district, co-operate in an unitied effort to secure a conscientious, fearless, just and wise representative. Whilst, as democrats, we should struggle to secure as good a man from among those of our party faith, let us realize that we select him under the constitution, and, if elected, that he is the servant of the property of any party but the servant of the whole people. Let us further realize that popular government was not ordained for parties and their rulers, but all people as a whole people. Let us further urge our democratic associates to at once settle upon a standard-bearer in the shape of an equal opportunity wherein a candidate for our party may be chosen without prejudice and without internal strife or jealousy, and, if chosen, secure in proper discipline and organization may be defeated.

Again, gentlemen, thanking you for your partiality in urging me as a democratic candidate for the honorable position of state senator, I have the honor to be, your obedient servant and fellow-citizen,

W. E. MINOR.

The Louisville Tobacco Market.

The market was firm and even throughout last week, and there was but little change in prices. Dark and heavy tobaccos were firm, with a good if not increasing demand. Sound old crop tobacco met with an active demand at well-supported prices. We quote

New s Old Crop.	Light.	Heavy.
Trash.....	$2 75@3 25	.....
Lugs, common.....	3 25@4 00	$3 25@4 50
Lugs, med. to good..	4 25@4 75	4 50@5 00
Lugs, common.....	4 75@5 00	5 00@5 50
Leaf, medium.....	5 25@5 75	5 75@6 50
Leaf, fair to good...	6 00@8 00	7 00@9 00
Leaf, fine.....	8 50@10 00	nominal
Leaf, exp. selections	nominal.	nominal.

Dental Notice.

The undersigned having quit traveling would respectfully announce to the citizens of Breckenridge and adjoining counties that he can at all times be found at his office in Cloverport, ready to do dental work on short notice, and at reasonable figures, also keeps constantly on hand a good supply of Dental Material for sale. All work warranted. DR. W. B. WHITE.
n41-3m

Wool Carding.

I am agent at this point for the Tell City Woolen Mills, and will receive and forward wool to them and deliver the rolls when returned. The work of these mills is too well known here to need any praise from me. Terms same as last season.

M. HAMMAN.
n41-2t

C. W. CHESS

Is now prepared to buy all

White Oak Timber,

STAVES

AND

HEADING,

AND PAYS HIGHEST MARKET PRICES

n42-3m

PIANOS AND ORGANS!

PIANOS. ORGANS.

STEINWAY & SONS.
DECKER BROS.
KRANICH & BACH.
HAINES BROS.
J. & C. FISCHER.
VALLEY GEM.
VOSE & SONS.

UNRIVAL'D PARLOR.
J. ESTEY & CO.
CHAPEL & CHURCH.
THE POPULAR B.
SHONINGER.
THE CYMBELLA, OR
BELL ORGANS.

All the above, and various other good Pianos and Organs, for sale

LOW FOR CASH,

OR ON

MONTHLY PAYMENTS!

BY

MESSRS. D. H. BALDWIN & CO.,

NO. 80 4TH AVENUE, LOUISVILLE, KY.

MR. P. G. BRYAN, Representing the above Firms is expected to remain permanently in the river trade, and will endeavor to visit all the county towns on both sides of the Ohio from Rome and Stephensport to Evansville, at least once or twice every month, and hopes to remain long enough to become acquainted with the people throughout this territory, and will try to deal fairly and faithfully with all customers, the number of which he hopes will be LEGION. Letters or mail matter directed to P. G. Bryan at Cloverport, Ky., will reach him promptly.
n41-6m

HARDINSBURG.

Elijah Board, esq., has gone to Frankfort, Ky.

Dick Dowell and Charley Durham are the boss carpenters.

A new pavement is being laid from Beard's to Scott's corner.

Charlie Babbage has about supplied the town with wall paper.

What we once called the Duck Pond is now a pavement of brick.

Nicholas Mercer has moved into the stone house on V. Daniels' corner.

Look here, if you want an elegant article of sugar and coffee, call on Frank & Son.

Mr. N. L. Hensley is making some elegant improvements about his new residence.

Do you want any thing in the mercantile line? Go and see Frank & Son, the cheap cash house.

There'll be no "dead lock" in business here, so long as Frank & Son continue to offer their cheap goods.

You can get bargains at Frank & Son's. They are determined not to be undersold by any house in the county.

James Miller is having a frame cottage built opposite Mrs. Freeman's, which is to be occupied by Dr. Baker.

A little spot of ground in this place, seventy by forty feet, sold last week for one hundred and twenty dollars.

Dr. J. M. Taylor will—if he has not already—resign the chairmanship of the democratic county committee.

Don't fail to examine Frank & Son's new stock of goods when you come to town. They will save you money.

Patrick Dillon has moved to town, and is going into the blacksmith business. He is the owner of West Point & Pullian's shop.

W. T. McGary went to Cloverport last week to open a saloon. Tom is a clever young man, and we hope he will soon get rich and quit the business.

The money drawer to Mr. Miller's safe was robbed last winter, was found out in the woods near Mr. Charley Hambleton's last Sunday, by Allen Mattingly.

Mr. Geo. Frank has just returned from Louisville with a full and complete stock of dry goods, clothing and spring hats, which will be sold cheaper than ever.

The town trustees have let out a contract for paving the sidewalk from Dr. Silas Heston's corner on the north side of Warfield street to W. B. Stiles, and from Morris Hensley's corner to Mrs. S. V. R. Board's, and from W. K. Barnes' property to Roland Smith's stable, thence to corner opposite T. A. McGill's hotel, on west side opposite the court-house. This will be of great advantage to the public and add to the appearance of the streets.

DR. HOWARD

Is at the Cloverport Hotel, where he can be consulted for all forms of Chronic Diseases, especially Cancer, Piles, Fistula in Ano, Tumors, Old Sores, Inveterate Tetter, and Scrofulous Diseases. Howard uses no figures in referring to the following patients: Mr. Richard Dowell, Hardinsburg; Mrs. J. W. Moorman, Big Spring; Mr. Jesse Marlow, Pateaville; Mr. Isom Sanders, Panther Creek; and many others not necessary to enumerate. Office, A. R. Fisher's drug store. n29-tf

A Cough, Cold or Sore Throat should be stopped. Neglect frequently results in an incurable Lung Disease or Consumption. BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES are certain to give relief in Asthma, Bronchitis, Coughs, Catarrh, Consumptive and Throat Diseases. For thirty years the Troches have been recommended by physicians, and always give perfect satisfaction. They are not new or unitried, but having been tested by wide and constant use for nearly an entire generation, they have attained well-merited rank among the few staple remedies of the age. Public Speakers and Singers use them to clear and strengthen the Voice. Sold at twenty-five cents a box everywhere. n17-ly

New Advertisements

WORK HORSES!

If you want a Good Work Horse, call on R. L. Newsom. He can supply you with what you want. n42-tf

Daughters, Wives, Mothers!

Dr. J. B. MARCHISI,
UTICA, N. Y.,
Discoverer of DR. MARCHISI'S
UTERINE CATHOLICON
A POSITIVE CURE FOR FEMALE COMPLAINTS.

This Remedy will act in harmony with the Female system at all times, and also immediately upon the abdominal and uterine muscles, and restore them to a healthy and strong condition.

Dr. Marchisi's Uterine Catholicon will cure Falling of the womb, Leucorrhea, Chronic Inflammation and Ulceration of the womb, Incidental Hemorrhage, Female Weakness, Suppressed and Irregular Menstruation, Kidney Complaint, and is especially adapted to the Change of Life. Send for pamphlet free. All letters of inquiry freely answered. Address as above.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Price $1.00 per bottle. Be sure and ask for Dr. Marchisi's Uterine Catholicon. Take no other.
n8-ly

J. D. BATES

RESIDENT DENTIST,

CLOVERPORT, . . . KY.

OFFICE—On Main street between First and Second, one door above the Cloverport Hotel.
n41-ly

SWEET POTATO PLANTS.

I will have ready for delivery about the 10th of May all the standard varieties of Sweet Potato Plants, in large or small quantities, at

25 CENTS PER 100.

All persons needing plants will please send in their orders to me at Tobinsport, Ind., or my post at Cloverport, A. R. Fisher, at whose drugstore all plants for Cloverport and vicinity will be delivered. WALDO SIMONS.
n41-4t

Established 1844.

SIMPSON & GAULT
CINCINNATI, O.

The Celebrated "Queen of the South" Gem Mill, Makers of the Largest Line of Flour Mill Machinery on Earth.

We make everything a Mill needs. Build complete Mills, and remodel old ones, putting in any present desired Roller Machinery. Send for Catalogue and Prices before purchasing.
n40-4t

WINTERSMITH'S

Tonic Sirup

Or, IMPROVED CHILL CURE.

A Certain Cure for every form of Fever and Ague. The Cure is Permanent. The Chills never return after the use of this preparation. This preparation has all the virtues of quinine, and not any of its disagreeable effects. All who have had Chills and Fever and have taken quinine, calomel or arsenic, which are the principal ingredients of most of the medicines now in use, are aware that the medicine often seems to break the system in such a shocking condition, making it more difficult to relieve it of their effects than of the original disease. Wintersmith's Improved Chill Cure is a vegetable tonic, and leaves no injurious effects behind it, but, on the contrary, by its healthy condition, with no bad effects in any way to be seen or felt. Unlike chill remedies generally, it requires no purgative to be taken with it, as the bowels will be acting gently and agreeably upon the liver and bowels, effectually removing the cause of the disease, not merely temporarily checking it.

WINTERSMITH'S

Ext. Buchu

And PAREIRA BRAVA.

The Great Diuretic. Superior to any preparation of Buchu or Pareira Brava.

It is a certain remedy for all disease of the Bladder, Kidneys, Gravel, Dropsical Swelling, &c., &c. It has cured many cases of Diabetes in which it has been given. It is a specific remedy for Stone in the Bladder, Inflammation of the Prostrate Gland, Retention of the Urine, Mucous Discharges, Gleet, Irritation of the Bladder; in short, for all diseases of the Urinary Organs, whether existing in male or female. For many diseases peculiar to females it is of great service, and especially so is it at that period termed CHANGE IN LIFE. For Chlorosis or Retention, Irregularity, Painfulness or Suppression of Menses, Whites, Ulcerated State of the Uterus, Leucorrhoea or Whites, it is a specific remedy, it is a Sure cure for Bed-wetting in children. For weakness arising from self-indulgence, excesses, exposure, and dissipation, it will be found a specific.

It is not a secret nostrum, but is recommended and prescribed by our leading physicians.

WINTERSMITH'S

Worm Candy or Santonin Lozenges

The most reliable vermifuge ever offered to the public. Entirely harmless. Safe for children of all ages.

Thousands of children die annually for want of a reliable vermifuge. This can be depended upon as a certain remedy.

WINTERSMITH'S

Iodized Sarsaparilla & Stillingia

THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.

Contains three grains Iodide Potash to the dose. A certain cure for diseases arising from an impure state of the blood, such as Scrofula, or King's Evil, Fungous and Malignant Diseases, Boils, Rheumatic Diseases, Erysipelas, Syphilis, Sore Eyes, Mercurial Diseases, Scald Head, Dyspepsia, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Female Complaints, Loss of Appetite, Costiveness, Low Spirits, Liver Complaint, General Debility.

Bottle Medicines $1 each; six for $5.

Sold by all Druggists.

Manufactured only by WINTERSMITH

ARTHUR PETER & CO., Cor. Ninth and Hill Sts., Louisville, Ky.

For sale by A. R. FISHER, Cloverport, Ky
n23-ly

LANDRETHS'

1784 SEEDS THE BEST 1881

Are Warranted Fresh, Reliable and Free from Impurities. Prepared for Home and Prices. The oldest and most extensively used in the United States. Address

DAVID LANDRETH & SONS, PHILADA. PA.
n51-1y tf

ELASTIC TRUSS

Is the most comfortable and effective Trusse in use. It will not chafe or gall, and will hold Rupture in all positions. Rupture Radically cured by the pressure back into the abdomen of the Protruding Gut, which we hold with the Finger. With light pressure on the Spine, Lame Back cured in a few days. Use any, Outside and cheap. Sent by mail. Circulars free.

EGGLESTON TRUSS CO., Chicago, Ill.
n8-ly

BOSTWICK'S GIANT RIDING SAW MACHINE

This Wonderful Improved Saw Machine is warranted to saw a two-foot log in three minutes, and does more work than any other Saw Machine. Also two men can chop as one the old way. Horsepower Circular Saws, Shingle Machines, Etc. AGENTS WANTED.—Highest cash commissions. Address FAIRBANKS, BOSTWICK & CO., 175 Elm Street, Cincinnati, O.
n17-6m

STARTLING DISCOVERY!

LOST MANHOOD RESTORED.

A victim of youthful imprudence causing Premature Decay, Nervous Debility, Lost Manhood, etc., having it in his power after years of misery, has discovered a simple self-cure, which he will send FREE to his fellow-sufferers. Address J. H. REEVES, 43 Chatham St., N. Y.
1-1

OPIUM And MORPHINE Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay until established; 100-page book free. Write stating case. Dr. Marsh, Quincy, Mich.
n17-ly

$2 Watches, Guns, Musical Instruments, Watches and Jewelry Cheap for Cash. Catalogue free. Cheapest and best place for your money. Address, Frank Wilson, Augusta, Me. THOMPSON & CO., 152 Nassau St., New York.
n51-1y

AGENTS WANTED for the Best and Fastest selling Subscription Book. Large profits reduced 33 per cent. National Publishing Co., St. Louis, Mo.
n32-12t

AN ESTRAY HORSE.

On Monday, the 18th ult., strayed from the subscriber, living on Hite's Run, Breckenridge county, a small bay horse, with a hole force (no other marks remembered), about six years old, shod on fore feet. Any one leaving said horse at my place, or giving me information where, or word there where he may be found, will be suitably rewarded. GUS SNELLIN.
n41-1t

The Purest and Best Medicine ever Made.

The combination of Hops, Buchu, Mandrake and Dandelion, with a base of the purest and best of Medical Spirits, is the proper thing to use in all cases where a tonic or stimulant is required. Hop Bitters are not a vile, drugged and poisonous mixture, but the purest and best medicine ever made, called Hop Bitters, and not to be confounded with the worthless and poisonous stuff under various names, with Hop or Bitters in their titles, that are being thrust upon the people. Remember, Hop Bitters is not a vile, drugged drunken medicine, but the purest and best medicine ever made, called Hop Bitters, and not to be confounded with the worthless and poisonous stuff under various names, with Hop or Bitters in their titles, that are being thrust upon the people.

$500 will be paid for a case they will not cure or help. Do not suffer 10 days longer. Use Hop Bitters and be well. Remember, Hop Bitters is not a vile, drugged and poisonous mixture, but the purest and best medicine ever made, called Hop Bitters, and not to be confounded with the worthless and poisonous stuff under various names, with Hop or Bitters in their titles, that are being thrust upon the people.

D. I. C. is an absolute and irresistible cure for habitual drunkenness, use of opium, tobacco and narcotics. All of the ingredients are perfectly harmless. Sent by express, $1 per package, or six packages for $5, on receipt of price. Address, DR. I. C. CHEMICAL CO., 162 Nassau St., New York.
n5-1y

BRECKENRIDGE NEWS.

LAND OF GOSHEN.

"Gipsy" is still in "the land of the living."

Farmers are very busy corn-planting.

No visitors at present.

Hurrah! for "Christopher Columbus."

Dr. Jesse P. Lew's passed through the neighborhood last week en route for Leitchfield.

The young people talk of having a fishing party soon.

Miss Bettie Webb leaves this week for a protracted visit to Owensboro. Oh, it will soon be "Monday." We sincerely hope she will return soon.

Great improvement at Goshen. "That for which we long have sought, and mourned because we found it not," has at last been completed. The church looks quite stylish now.

Mr. Dolph Jones, of Big Spring, was in the neighborhood last week. We hear he is soon to leave the state of "single wretchedness for that of double blessedness."

Mrs. Sallie Owen has almost recovered from a very severe fall she received over two weeks ago.

We understand Mr. Ed. Thomas, of Leitchfield, is a candidate for matrimony. We can vouch for his getting quite a number of voters in this precinct.

"Early," you say "heart disease" is prevalent in your town. Strange to say, it's the same case here.

Miss Mandie Dean expects a young lady visitor soon from Owensboro. We boys are glad of it, and "don't you forget it."

Misses Sallie Dean, Jennie M——— and Lillie Robertson, say they are extremely fond of shorts (Short).

Mr. Willie Moorman's heart has long since been Pierced.

Mr. John Owen's mustache is just too "cute." He has it well drilled, and calls the roll over every morning to see if any are missing.

We understand that Mr. Bob Owen has sold his farm to Mr. Willie Owen.

Misses Nelia D——— and Mattie L——— say that Bishop and King have taken the day. "Well, we should murmur to remark."

It is said that Mr. John Dean has retired from society. Nevertheless, notwithstanding, he is still Wither-ing.

Mr. Clark Owen says that a "bachelor's life" is so lonely. Won't "Somebody's Darling" come down and comfort him? Oh, the world is full of beauty when the heart is full of love."

Ticks are very plentiful. All those that haven't them and wish them can get them for 25 cents apiece, by applying to the "Land of Goshen."

The young people spent a delightful evening on the 24th ult. at Mr. Henry Dean's. Among those present was Mr. Willis Short, from the Falls.

Mr. Tom Moorman attends church mostly at "Pull-Tight" and "Pluck-em-in," two noted churches.

If Mr. Bob Frank's "type of beauty" can not be found in Grayson, it is useless for any of our girls here to apply.

Messrs. Zach Stith and Chas. Deury say they are coming down as soon as the roads get dry enough for buggies. While one is trying to steal a "Lillie," the other is caught by a "Webb."

Girls, beware! We read an account the other day where a gentleman was urging his lady-love to name the day. When she did so, he was so overjoyed he gave her a squeeze that "squoze" her to death.

The young people here attended church at Pincheone not long ago. They all came home but left their hearts behind them.

"Katydid," do write again. We miss your spicy letters. Also "Daisy," "Birdie," "Otis," "Cornie," etc.

Our Publisher, not long ago, made a very strange mistake in sending the NEWS to Planters Hall. Instead of writing "Lillie ——" on one paper, he wrote "*Hallie* ——." It is said, "Out of sight, out of mind," but we think, in this instance, though out of sight, still *in* mind.

Mr. Tom Scaton has selected the lumber and will soon have his hotel completed. He says it doesn't make any difference which of those young ladies named by "Shadow" rules queen of his domicile. It was suggested that the two should fight a duel, but not wishing to startle the community from its quiet repose, they concluded to "draw straws" for the desirable position. The happy lot fell to Miss Bettie Webb. Hope she will allow "Gypsy" among her many friends to congratulate her upon her brilliant prospect.

The NEWS will always have the best wishes of Gypsy.

BIG SPRING.

Wheat is looking well.

Farmers are sowing a great many oats.

Hurrah for the fair grounds.

The Rhoads horse wants to run.

Mr. Willie Beard, of Hardinsburg, spent a few days with friends in this place last week.

Mr. Jones, where are you? You were not at Sunday School, last Sunday, to see that canary come in with Mr. H———. Look out.

A nice lasses pulling over the way last week.

We have a nice Sunday School of sixty-three scholars. Brother A. Morris is our leader. Let us try to follow him. We also have some nice singing from the sweet lips of the girls.

Mr. H. Meador has brought on a fine stock of spring and summer goods. Examine them before buying elsewhere.

Farmers are busy planting corn.

Rev. Will Dempsey has returned home from Nashville. Welcome home, Will.

SUDDEN DEATH.—At the residence of Mr. G. A. Meador, a yellow-buff hen, which had been sick, dropped dead from her roost. She leaves many friends to mourn her loss.

SAD.

BAT CAVE VALLEY.

Farming is going on at a rapid rate.

The health of the community is very good, except a few cases of matrimonial fever among our widowers.

Laura-Bush tea we think would be an excellent remedy for one of them, and some bitters made of the mother of the Lillie would be a sure cure for Dan Castillo. For further treatment, apply to "Crazy Jake," M. D.

Mr. Editor, please permit us to say that the "Greenhorn," of Robinson Valley, was under a grand mistake about Mr. G. W. Bewley. We frankly admit that marrying is nobody's business outside those concerned; but, as respects Mr. B's indigent circumstances, we can not admit it as being truly represented by the "Greenhorn." We have been personally acquainted with Mr. B. for many years, and know him to be an honorable gentleman, possessing much more property than stated by the "Greenhorn." We know him to have plenty of property to comfortably set him up for housekeeping. Besides, he is a very good-looking gentleman, much more so than the "Greenhorn." And now, Mr. or Mrs. "Greenhorn," the next time you write for the NEWS, be sure you know whereof you speak, lest you should be forced to prove your statement. For the present offense we will excuse you, hoping you will make amends in the future.

We understand that George II———, of Custer, has gone into the onion crop very extensively this year. The reason is he expects to have to feed Bob all this year, and the Squire thinks onions are cheap food.

We think Dick's rival is about to get away with him. Hurrah, Jack! he is older than you are, but you are the best looking, and beauty will win.

Poor Bob has fished until his patience is worn out, and now he's trying to capture a Hornett.

"Crazy Jake" says the editor has gone back on him, and has quit publishing his letters. We are sorry to hear that. We love to read his lucubrations.

Give us another candidate for the legislature. We are favorable towards Mr. Beard, but we want a race. Where is Dr. Frank, of Mt. Pisgah? he has come forward. "Simple Jim" will bet on him every time, if "Sarah Ann" does leave him. Where is Mr. Norris, of High Plains? Come to the front, gentlemen, and give us a lively race this time.

That blind brother that died was the only brother of the beggar, who was a woman.

"Pray without ceasing," is the scriptural injunction referred to in the enigma of "Xerxes," as solved by B. J. Lyon, Big Spring, Ky., April 22, 8 o'clock p.m.

I am composed of 14 letters.

My 5, 4, 7 is something to eat.

My 8, 9, 12, 11 is a voracious beast.

My 7, 9, 10, 12, 3 is a youth.

My 6, 3, 4, 2, 9, 4, 11 is the name of a nation of people.

My 1, 8, 4, 2, 6, 7, 4 is a southern state.

My 11, 12, 8, 13, 1, 3 is an article much in use.

My whole is the name of a president of the United States.

If any of the correspondents of the NEWS know of a real pretty girl or widow, about 20 or 25 years old, that wants to marry right bad, so bad that she would be willing to work and support her husband, she can make the rifle by addressing or calling on John A. Norris, of High Plains. Furthermore, if any of them know of a pretty girl, old maid, or widow, between the ages of 20 and 60, with grey hair, dark skin, bleary-eyed, Roman-nosed, hump-backed, flop-eared, hatchet-faced, rather squaty, that wants to marry so bad that she would work all her life to please her husband, she can have the privilege of "jinin' skillets with Jos. T. Lyon, by calling on him at No. 49, Shang-high street, this city. GRIZZLY BEN.

HAYSVILLE.

Spring has come aglast, and oh, ain't I so glad?

The "Whippoorwill" has told us that it is time to plant corn, and we are obeying the injunction.

Wheat is looking very backward.

Tobacco plants are up and growing very nice.

H. W. Washington is now opening up the fanciest assortment of Spring goods that was ever offered for sale eight miles from any landing or depot.

Rev. Jas. Albright has just closed the labors of a protracted meeting at this point, which lasted something over a week (there were services only at night). The meeting was well attended, and six persons professed faith in Christ, united themselves with the church, and were baptized.

MARRIED.—April 21, at the residence of the bride's father, Mr. Sack Simmons, of Meade county, to Miss Emma Bruner, of Hancock county. Friday, at 6 15 p. m., the newly married couple, in company with several of their relatives and friends, arrived at the groom's residence, where there were already assembled quite a number of his neighbors, friends and relatives to welcome him and his new wife home, and to assist in dispensing with the many good things to eat with which the tables were well supplied. After supper the bridal party and the young folks retired to the parlor, where they seemed to enjoy themselves hugely. About 10 o'clock the majority of the crowd bade the bridal party and each other a cheerful good-night, and retired to their respective homes.

Whose will be the next? Miss Georgia K———, we guess, as the goose is already so fat that he can't crow.

A place to spend a pleasant evening is at H. W. Washington's, especially if you wish to purchase fancy goods.

Miss Mary Kennedy's "feller," we are told called to see her Father Sunday. One informant says, when he went to start, that his actions intimated that the demon jealousy was preying upon him. But Miss Mary says, "Don't feet yourself about his jealousy, or his rock overcoat, either; for he has money enough to buy him two sackcoats, if he wishes to, and then have plenty left.

"Christopher," you are not dead yet, are you? What say you, "Old Rye?"

Who is it talking so much about the young man riding the banister? We don't know whether he hurt the banisters or not, but he isn't hurt.

The first thing asked for when the mail arrives is THE BRECKENRIDGE NEWS. Wishing success to it and all its readers, and especially its correspondents, I close by telling you, most respectfully, my name is

SLIPPERY JIM.

YOU WILL FIND

in this column what I keep constantly on hand, and the lowest cash prices.

THE CELEBRATED CHAMPION REAPING AND MOWING MACHINE.

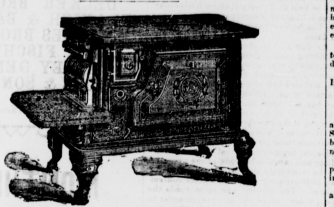
Over 60,000 sold last year. Is the only machine made of wrought and malleable iron, which is much stronger than the cast-iron of which other machines are made.

SORGO MILLS,

of all sizes, with Cook's Evaporator, and any kind or make of mill.

HAY RAKES,

both riding and walking, of the best and most approved makes.



The Most Complete Line of Stoves ever offered to the trade, and at the lowest prices. Always a large stock on hand.

Tinware Line. You can always find any kind of tinware you want, or have any thing made to order. I always keep a first-class workman to put up roofing, guttering—in fact, any thing belonging to my line.

Hardware Of all kinds kept constantly on hand, such as carpenters want, or farming implements. Plows, Hoes, Rakes, Horse Yokes, Shovels, Cross-cut Saws, of any description. Sugar Kettles, all sizes.

Pumps. You can get any kind of pumps you want. I am agent for several kinds.

Wagons, &c., Spring Wagons and Fine Buggies. I can get and keep constantly on hand all kinds of plow points. Machine repairs of all kinds. And when you want any thing in my line you will do well to call and see me before buying elsewhere.

Hoping to receive liberal patronage. Respectfully,

n37-ly **J. L. MILLER.**

D. P. FAULDS,

165 Fourth Ave. - - - - - Louisville, Ky.

PIANOS	from	$200 00 to	$1000 00
ORGANS	from	45 00 to	300 00
PIANOS (second hand)	from	40 00 to	250 00
ORGANS (second hand)	from	25 00 to	150 00
Violins	from	1 50 to	12 00
Guitars	from	3 50 to	20 00
Banjos	from	2 00 to	12 00
Accordeons	from	1 25 to	9 00
Flutes	from	1 25 to	25 00
Cornets	from	7 50 to	50 00
French Harps	from	10 to	4 50
Piano and Organ Stools	from	2 50 to	15 00
Piano Covers	from	3 50 to	20 00
Violin Strings, per set,	from	50 to	1 00
Guitar Strings " "	from	60 to	1.50

Special Card.

The above prices will be found lower than elsewhere in this country, considering that Every Article is STRICTLY FIRST-CLASS, and every instrument goes fully warranted. I have a Special department for filling country orders, and the same careful attention will be given to the order for the smallest piece of music as to the most costly Chickering Piano, and my immense stock embraces EVERY thing pertaining to music.

D. P. FAULDS.

COOPER & BEHEN,

BLACKSMITHS AND WAGONMAKERS,

AND DEALERS IN ALL KINDS OF

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS,

CLOVERPORT, KY.

Horse-shoeing done by the Best Horse-shoer in the State. We make the celebrated "BOSS WAGON," so well known to the trade. We guarantee our work as first class in every particular, and

AGENTS FOR

McCormick's Mower & Reaper, The Gale Chilled Plow, And All Kinds of Steel Plows.

OUR PRICES

for new work and job work are the lowest. It will be to your interest to give us a call before going elsewhere. **COOPER & BEHEN.**

n15-ly

GO TOBABBAGE'S FOR

Fresh Groceries, Confections, Novelties,

Stationery, Literature, School-books, Gent's Furnishing Goods, Toys, Notions, Wall paper, Etc

COUNTY DIRECTORY.

CIRCUIT COURT.

MEETS FIRST MONDAYS IN APRIL AND OCTOBER.

Hon. T. B. McReath, Judge; Hon. W. R. Haynes, Commonwealth's Attorney; R. S. Skillman, Clerk; V. G. Babbage, Master Commissioner; C. W. Moorman, Sheriff.

COUNTY COURT.

MEETS THIRD MONDAY IN EACH MONTH.

Milton Board, Judge; G. P. Jolly, Clerk; W. K. Barnes, Attorney.

QUARTERLY COURT.

Meets Fourth Mondays in March, June, September and December.

COURT OF CLAIMS.

Meets Third Mondays in January and November.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

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POST-OFFICE ADDRESSES.

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Commonwealth's Attorney, Leitchfield; Jailer, Harcinsburg.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

CLOVERPORT.

M. E. CHURCH (South).—Rev. S. C. Allen, Pastor. Preaching every 1st, 2nd and 4th Sabbaths at 11 a. m. and at night, and every 3rd Sabbath at night. Prayer meeting every Thursday night. Sunday School every Sabbath afternoon.

Holt's Bottom.—Preaching every 3d Sabbath at 11 a. m.

BAPTIST CHURCH.—Rev. H. T. Lampton, Pastor. Preaching every 2d and 4th Sabbath at 11 a. m. and at night. Prayer meeting every Wednesday night. Sunday School every Sabbath morning.

Rev. S. L. HELM preaches the 1st Sunday in each month at Holt's Bottom, 2d and 4th Sundays at Stephensport, and 3d Sunday at Hardinsburg.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—Rev. J. R. McDonald, Pastor. Preaching every 3rd and 4th Sabbath at 11 a. m. and at night. Prayer meeting every Sabbath at 10:30 a. m. Sunday School every Sabbath at 9 a. m.

CATHOLIC CHURCH.—Rev. T. J. Jenkins, Pastor. Services every 1st Sabbath, and on Monday after the 3rd Sabbath in every month.

HARDINSBURG CIRCUIT.—M. E. CHURCH, (SOUTH.)

Rev. R. F. HAYES, Pastor.

Hardinsburg—Preaching every 4th Sabbath at 11 a. m. and at night. Class meeting every Sabbath morning. Sunday School every Sabbath afternoon. Prayer meeting every Wednesday night.

Oakland—Preaching every 4th Sabbath at 3 p. m. Sunday School at 2, p. m. Prayer meeting every Sabbath night.

Mt. Zion—Preaching every 1st Sabbath at 11 a. m. Class meeting every 1st and 3d Sabbath.

Pleasant Grove—Preaching every 1st Sabbath at 3 p. m.

Webster—Preaching every 2d Sabbath at 11 a. m., and at night.

Union Star—Preaching every 3d Saturday night, and Sabbath at 11 a. m. Prayer meeting every Thursday night.

Stephensport—Preaching every 3d Sabbath night, in the "Brick House."

SECRET SOCIETIES.

MASONIC.—Cloverport Lodge No. 153. Stated meetings, 2nd Monday and 4th Saturday in each month. J. B. Skillman, W. M.; T. J. L. Woods, S. W.; E. T. Haynes, J. W.; J. D. Gregory, Sec'y; A. J. Johnson, Treas.; F. P. Payne, Steward and Tyler; W. B. White, S.D.; J. W. Haynes, J. D.

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